

No .1

SPRING ISSUE

BATMAN

10¢



ALL BRAND NEW
ADVENTURES
OF **THE BATMAN**
AND **ROBIN**,
THE BOY WONDER!

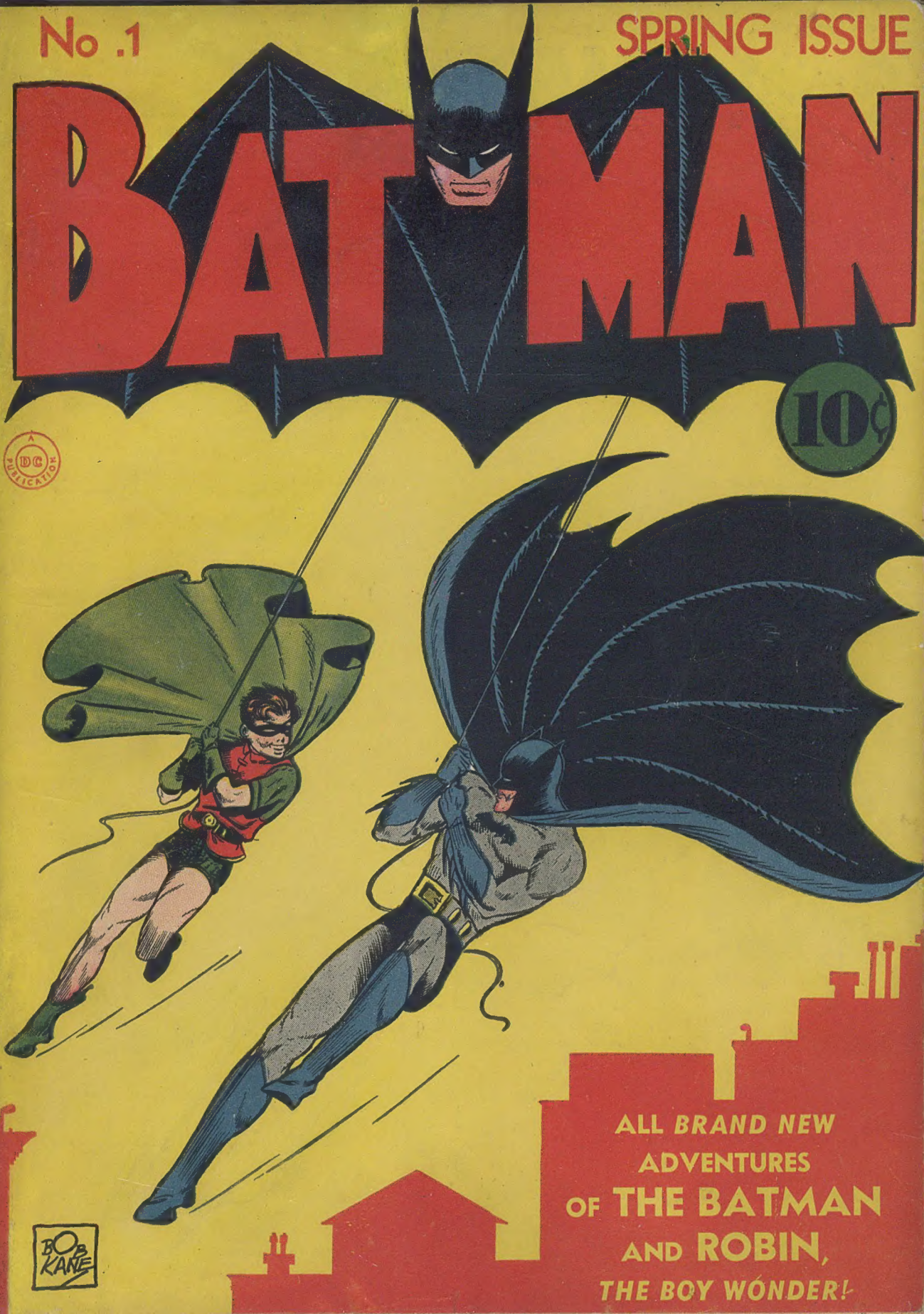
BOB
KANE

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KANE

ALL BRAND NEW
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Boys! G-MAN OUTFIT with LIE DETECTOR

MAIL THE
COUPON
TO START

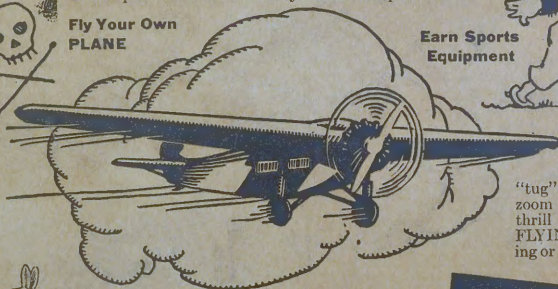
**Earn This Thrilling Prize or Any of 300 Others
and Make Spending Money Every Week, Besides!**

SH-H-H! Here's the secret. You can become a Junior G-Man with this scientific outfit. Includes 100-power microscope, radial lie detector, chemicals, and mysterious dyes. Pounce upon that strange fingerprint, run down the "suspect," then slap a lie detector on his arm as you begin your questioning. One of the most thrilling games imaginable.

This is but one of the many prizes you can earn, besides making your own MONEY. It's easy. Just deliver our popular magazines to people you obtain as customers in your neighborhood. Soon you'll have a money-making, prize-earning business. We'll make it so easy for you to start that you can earn a model plane kit the first day. Mail coupon NOW.

**Fly Your Own
PLANE**

**Earn Sports
Equipment**



Ever built a plane of your own, stood on tip-toe to launch it, felt it "tug" to go, then watched it zoom into the sky? What a thrill to see your own creation FLYING! Earn the latest bombing or racing kits. Mail coupon.

With our book of inside dope you can soon pull amazing feats of magic that will make your chums goggle-eyed! Get in on the fun. Earn prizes. Make money. To start, mail coupon.

**Become
an Ace
Magician**



Speedy Streamlined Bike

IMAGINE yourself diving out of bed, racing downstairs, and finding THIS bike on your doorstep. Imagine leaping upon the cushion-soft saddle, pressing the pedals, and zooming down the street with a flash! Large balloon tires, side-kick stand, matched horn and headlight!

This need not be an idle dream. You can have a bike of your own. You can have other dandy prizes, such as a gold watch, a movie machine, or a portable typewriter. You can have MONEY jingling in your pockets. The way to do it is to build up a business of your own, and deliver our magazines in your neighborhood. It's easy to start. Mail the coupon now.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

**Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 956
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio**

Dear Jim: Sure I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes and make my own spending money. Send me your PRIZE BOOK showing nearly 300 prizes boys can earn, and help me get off to a flying start.

Name.....Address.....

City.....State.....Your Age.....



BATMAN No. 1 • SPRING 1940 ISSUE

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The LEGEND of the

BATMAN



— WHO HE IS
AND HOW HE
CAME TO BE!

ONE NIGHT SOME FIFTEEN
YEARS AGO, THOMAS WAYNE,
HIS WIFE AND HIS SON WERE
WALKING HOME FROM A MOVIE...

W. WHAT
IS THIS?

A STICKUP BUDDY!
I'LL TAKE THAT NECK
LACE YOU'RE
WEARIN' LADY!



LEAVE HER
ALONE, YOU!
OH.....

YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!



THOMAS! YOU'VE
KILLED HIM! HELP!
POLICE... HELP!

THIS'LL SHUT
YOU UP!



THE BOY'S EYES ARE WIDE WITH TERROR AND SHOCK AS THE HORRIBLE SCENE IS SPREAD BEFORE HIM.



... DEAD!
THEY'RE
D. DEAD.



DAYS LATER, A CURIOUS AND STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE

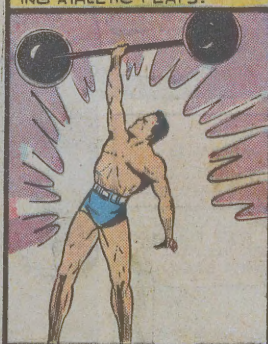
AND I SWEAR BY THE SPIRITS OF MY PARENTS TO AVENGE THEIR DEATHS BY SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE WARRING ON ALL CRIMINALS.



AS THE YEARS PASS BRUCE WAYNE PREPARES HIMSELF FOR HIS CAREER. HE BECOMES A MASTER SCIENTIST.



TRAINS HIS BODY TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION UNTIL HE IS ABLE TO PERFORM AMAZING ATHLETIC FEATS.



DAD'S ESTATE LEFT ME WEALTHY. I AM READY.. BUT FIRST I MUST HAVE A DISGUISE.



CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS COWARDLY LOT, SO MY DISGUISE MUST BE ABLE TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THEIR HEARTS. I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, BLACK, TERRIBLE... A A..



..AS IF IN ANSWER A HUGE BAT FLIES IN THE OPEN WINDOW!



AND THUS IS BORN THIS WEIRD FIGURE OF THE DARK.. THIS AVENGER OF EVIL.. THE BATMAN



BAT MAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

ONCE AGAIN A MASTER CRIMINAL STALKS THE CITY STREETS-A CRIMINAL WEAVING A WEB OF DEATH ABOUT HIM-LEAVING STRICKEN VICTIMS BEHIND WEARING A GHASTLY CLOWN'S GRIN-THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE **JOKER**! ONLY TWO DARE TO OPPOSE HIM-**BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER! TWO TO BATTLE THE GRIM JESTER CALLED-**THE JOKER**! A BATTLE OF WITS-WITH SWIFT DEATH, THE ONLY COMPROMISE!!!



IT IS NIGHT- IN MOST HOMES
PEOPLE LISTEN TO THEIR RADIOS-

MY, ISN'T IT PEACEFUL
SITTING AT HOME
LIKE THIS?

NOTHING
LIKE IT! HIMMM
STATIC!

AWWK!
CRACKLE!
AWWK!

SUDDENLY THE MUSIC IS CUT
OFF-A VOICE-A TONELESS
VOICE DRONES...

TONIGHT, AT PRECISELY
TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT
I WILL KILL HENRY CLARIDGE
AND STEAL THE CLARIDGE
DIAMONDS! DO NOT TRY TO
STOP ME! THE **JOKER**
HAS SPOKEN!

WHEN ONCE AGAIN MUSIC...

HENRY, DID YOU HEAR? HENRY CLARIDGE, THE MILLIONAIRE, TO BE KILLED. THE FAMOUS DIAMOND STOLEN!

HAW! THAT'S JUST A GAG-LIKE THAT FELLOW WHO SCARED EVERYBODY WITH THAT STORY ABOUT MAKING THE LAST TIME I HAD TO PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT, DEAR!

RADIO STATIONS ARE SWAMPED WITH CALLS! OFFICIALS DECLARE THE STRANGE MESSAGE IS NOT A PART OF THE PROGRAM - THE GAG HAS BECOME A REALITY!

HENRY CLARIDGE, FRANTIC WITH FEAR, CALLS THE POLICE

YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT ME! I'M GOING TO BE KILLED - ROBBED!

DON'T WORRY, MR. CLARIDGE. YOU AND THAT DIAMOND OF YOURS WILL BE SAFE ENOUGH! WE'LL ALL STAY IN THE SAME ROOM WHERE THE DIAMOND'S KEPT, AND WATCH YOU!



AN INFLEXIBLE CORDON FORMED ABOUT THE DOOMED MAN!

TIME DRAGON - SECONDS - MINUTES - THEN - THE FATAL HOUR - TWELVE O'CLOCK!



I'M STILL ALIVE! I'M NOT DEAD! I'M SAFE!...



SLOWLY THE FACIAL MUSCLES PULL THE DEAD MAN'S MOUTH INTO A REPELLANT, GHOSTLY GRIN, THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE JOKER

IT'S... IT'S HORRIBLE!

GRUESOME! THE JOKER BRINGS DEATH TO HIS VICTIMS WITH A SMILE!

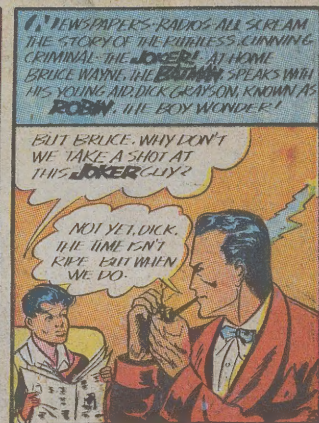
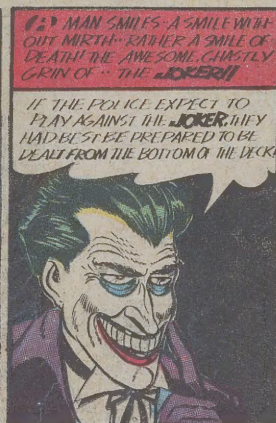
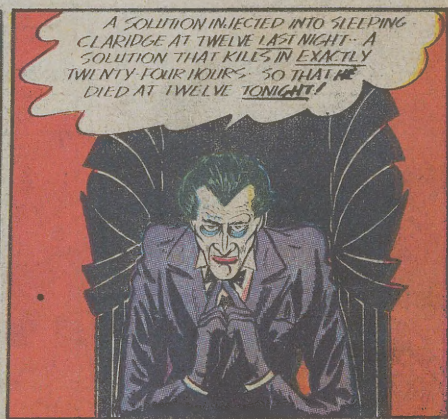
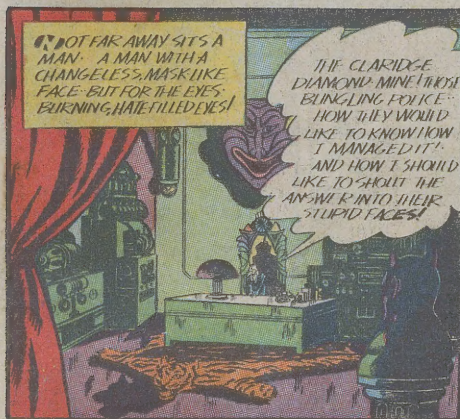
WHEN WITHOUT WARNING!

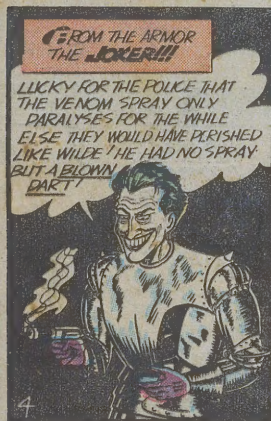
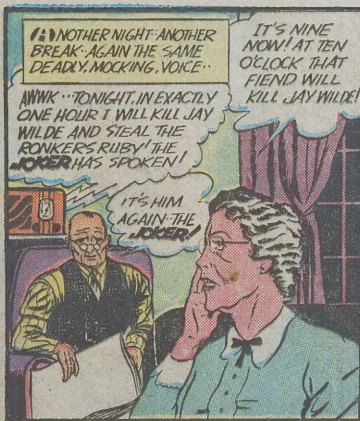
"I'M SAA-AAGH! AAGH!"

DEAD - IT ISN'T POSSIBLE AND YET...

CHIEF LOOK HIS MOUTH!







THE POLICE SEARCH EVERYWHERE FOR THE **JOKER** BUT TO NO AVAIL. BUT ANOTHER GROUP IS ALSO INTERESTED - THE CRIMINAL! ...A HANGOUT NOTED FOR ITS CRIMINAL ELEMENT...

I TELL YA BOYS WE GOTTA GET THIS GUY, THE **JOKER**!

WE GET THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND LINED UP FOR AN EASY JOB AND HE PULLS THE JOB!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BRUTE. HE'S CUTTIN' IN ON OUR RACKET!

AND DON'T FORGET WE WERE GONNA TRY FOR THE RONKERS RIBBY!

WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO, TAKE IT LYIN' DOWN?

I GOT AN IDEA! YOU GUYS GO OUT AND PASS THE WORD AROUND THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GONNA GET THE **JOKER** - THAT HE THINKS THE **JOKER** IS A YELLER RAT!

THE SENSATIONAL NEWS THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GUNNING FOR THE **JOKER** TRAVELS THE CRIMINAL "GRAPE-VINE" - THE **BATMAN** IS READY TO GO INTO ACTION!

I'M GOING TO THE HOME OF BRUTE NELSON! I HEARD SOME NEWS TODAY OVER THE "GRAPE-VINE" THAT MAKES ME THINK THE TIME IS RIFE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING ALONE?

IT IS NIGHT - BRUTE NELSON SITS IN HIS PRIVATE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.

THE **JOKER**. EH, WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM HE'LL BE A JOKE ALL RIGHT!

SUDDENLY A DROWNING, DEADLY VOICE - A FUNERAL FACE - WITH EYES RADIATING HATE -

TALKING ABOUT ME?

THE **JOKER**!

SUDDENLY DOORS BLURST OPEN - THE **JOKER** IS TRAPPED!

VERY NEAT - THAT LUCKY HEAD OF YOURS DOES HAVE A BRAIN!

SURE, I KNEW IF YOU GOT SORE ENOUGH YOU'D COME FOR ME!

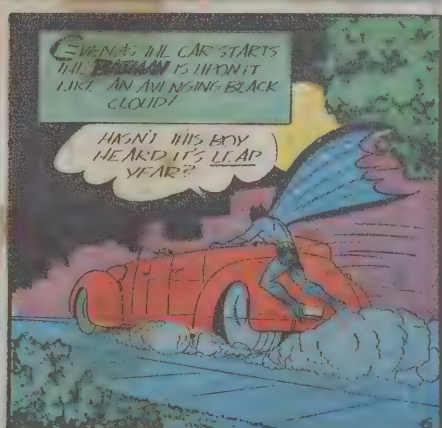
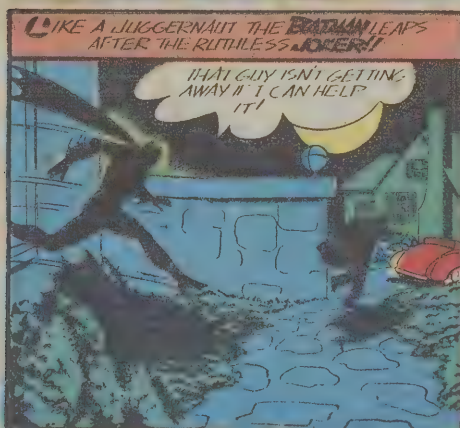
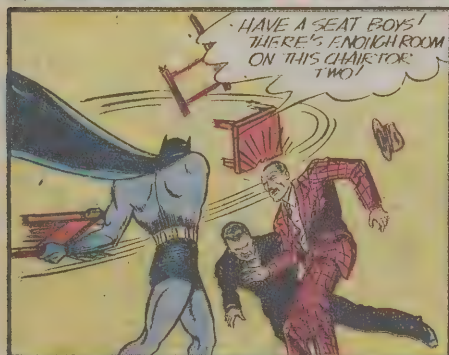
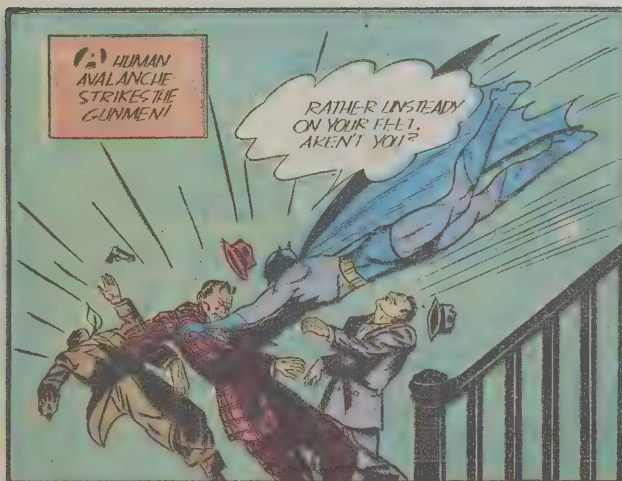
SUDDENLY THE SCRAPE OF A FOOT IS HEARD UP ON THE STAIR - THE MIGHTY **BATMAN**!

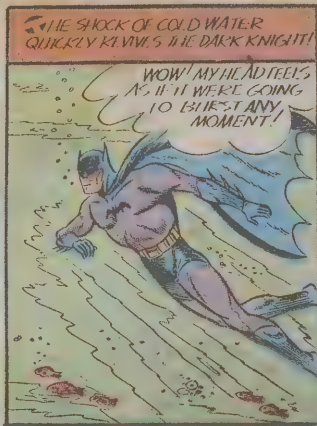
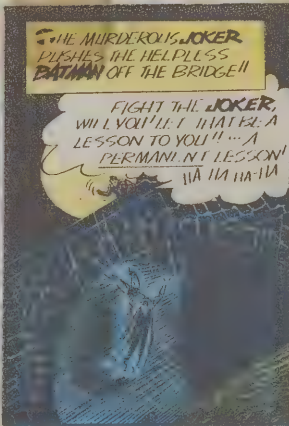
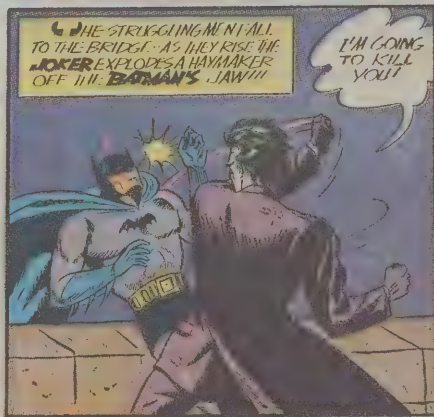
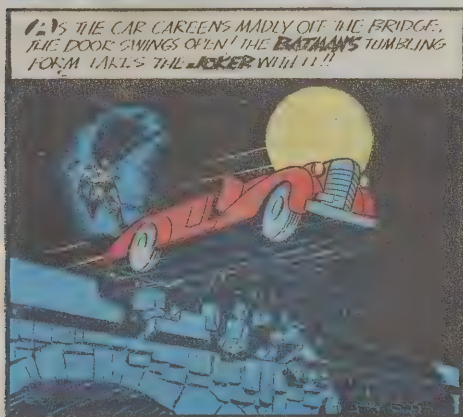
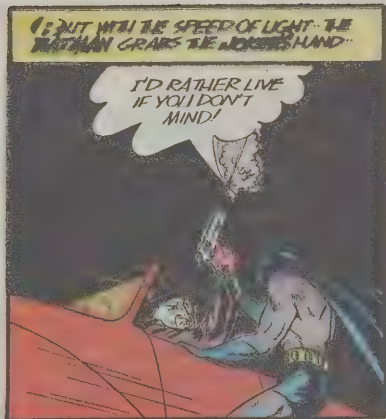
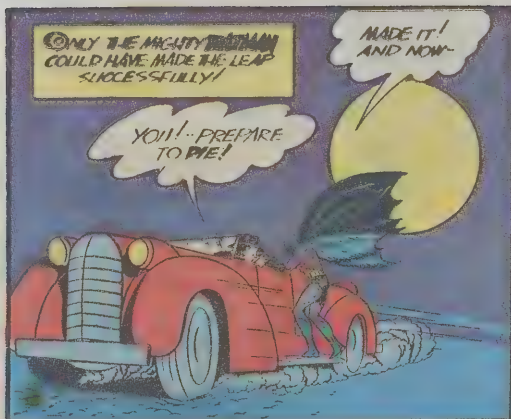
I'M AFRAID I WASN'T AS SILENT AS I THOUGHT TO BE!

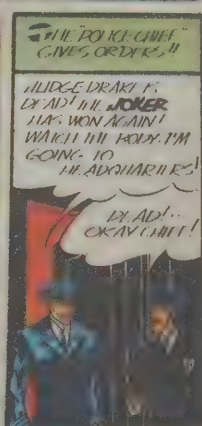
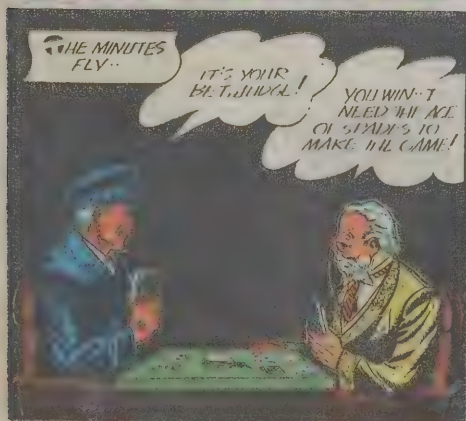
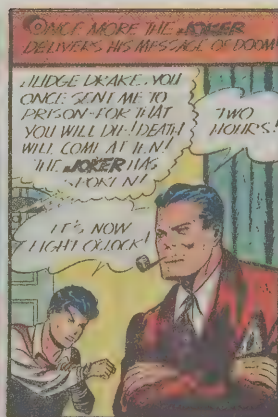
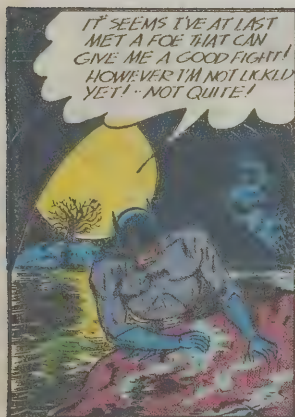
THE **BATMAN**! HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?

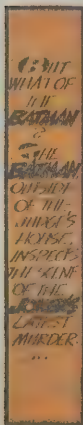
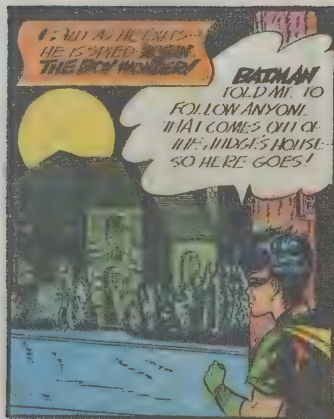
THE **JOKER** IS MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN AS THE **BATMAN** LEAPS DOWN THE STAIRS...

LOOK OUT!! SHOOT HIM!











"...ONCE AGAIN THE JOKER PREPARES TO HAVE HIS LITTLE JOKE...WHEN..."

"AND NOW THE VENOM INTO YOUR...WHIA?"

"NOT SO FAST, FRIEND..."

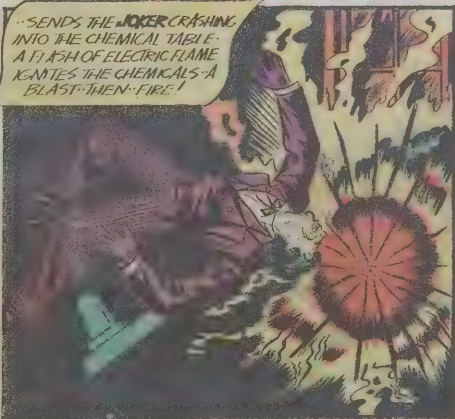


"DROP IT!"



"A CLIPPING BLOW!..."

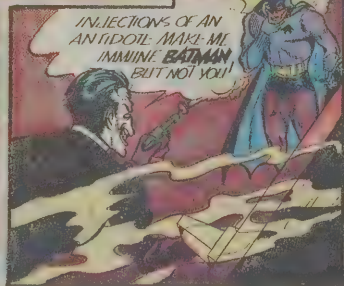
"YOU MAY BE THE JOKER BUT I'M THE KING OF CLUBS!"



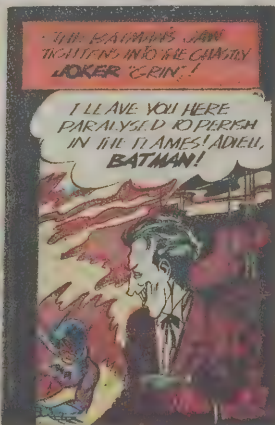
"...SENDS THE JOKER CRASHING INTO THE CHEMICAL TABLE. A FLASH OF ELECTRIC FLAME KNOTES THE CHEMICALS A BLAST...THEN...FIRE!"



"THE JOKER'S HAND STEALTHILY REACHES FOR THE SPRAY GUN THAT HAD FALLEN TO THE FLOOR!"



"INJECTIONS OF AN AN IDOL MAKE ME IMMUNE BATMAN BUT NOT YOU!"



"THE HARMLESS BUT PARALYZING GAS...IT'S FOR YOU!"

"THE BATMAN'S JAW TIGHTENS IN THE CHASTY JOKER 'GRIN'!"

"I'LL HAVE YOU HERE PARALYZED TO PERISH IN THE FLAMES! ADIEU, BATMAN!"

BUT THE JOKER HAS NOT RECKONED WITH THE AMAZING REGENERATIVE POWERS OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN!



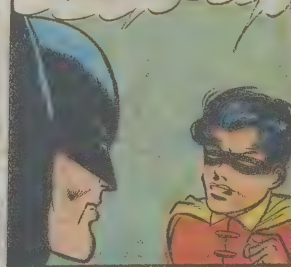
CAN ESCAPE FROM A FIERY DEATH!



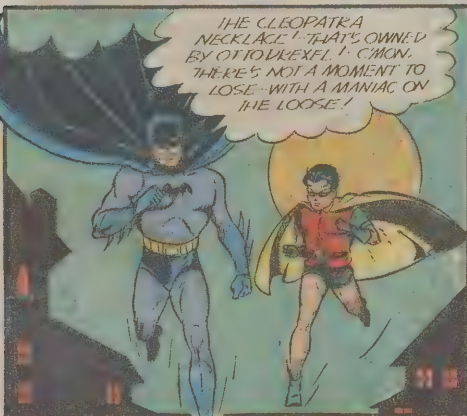
FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THE JOKER IS GONE! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO KNOW WHERE!

HE BOASTED INSIDE THAT HE WAS GOING TO GET THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE NEXT!



THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE! THAT'S OWNED BY OTTO DREXEL! CHON. THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE - WITH A MANIAC ON THE LOOSE!



OTTO DREXEL LIVES ON THE PENTHOUSE IN THAT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET!

IF WE CAN ONLY GET UP THERE BEFORE THE JOKER DOES!

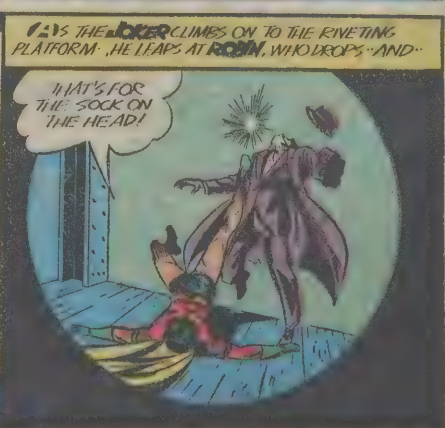
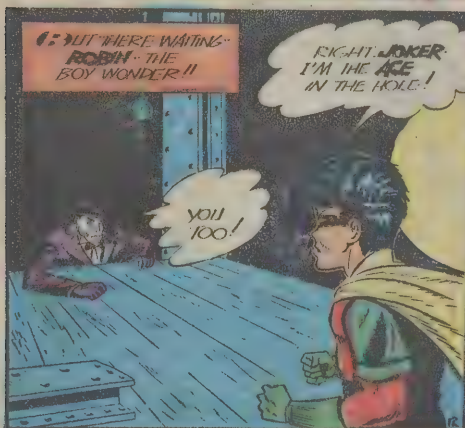
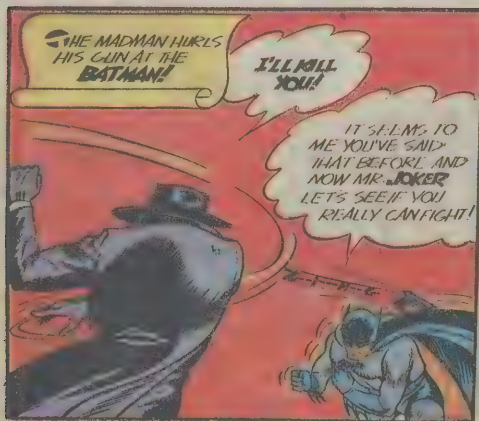
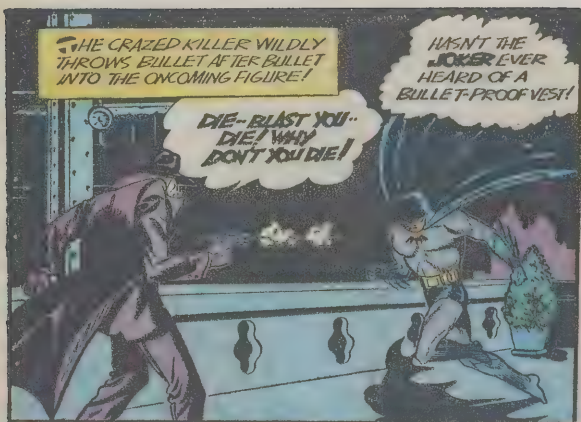


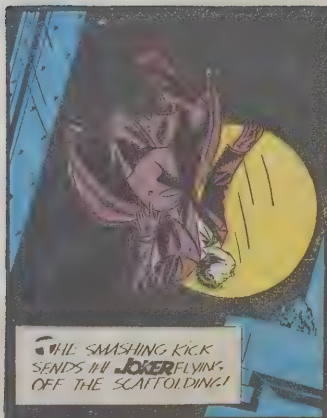
ON THE PENTHOUSE, THE JOKER PREPARES TO ENTER!



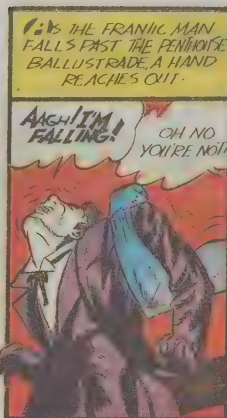
BUT LEAPING FROM THE SCAFFOLD, THE COWLED BATMAN!







WHILE SMASHING KICK SENDS THE JOKER FLYING OFF THE SCAFFOLDING!



AAGH! I'M FALLING!

OH NO YOU'RE NOT!

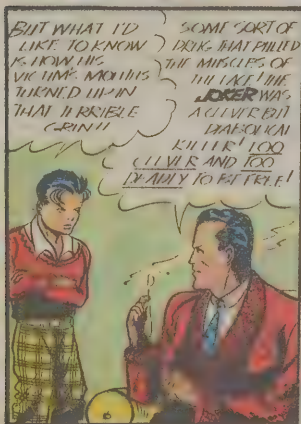


YOU'RE 100 VALUABLE A PRIZE TO LOSE!



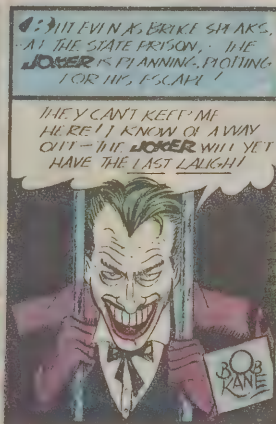
YOU PLAYED YOUR LAST HAND, JOKER!

THE FINAL BLOW WITH ALL THE STRENGTH OF THE BATMAN BEHIND IT!!



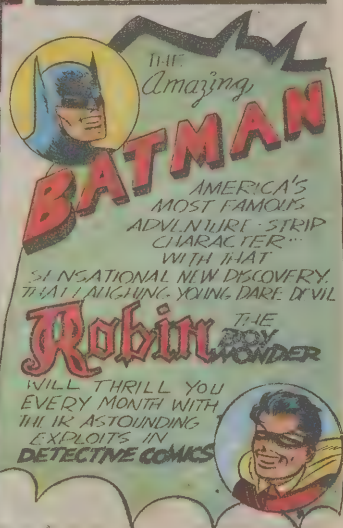
BUT WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS HOW HIS VICTIMS' MACHINES TURNED UP IN THAT TERRIBLE CRIME!!

SOME SORT OF DRUG THAT FILLED THE MUSCLES OF THE LATE JOKER WAS A LETHAL DRUG KILLER! 100 CIVILS AND 100 FAMILY TO RETELE!



IT EVEN AS BRICK SHAKES, AT THE STATE PRISON, THE JOKER IS PLANNING, PLOTTING FOR HIS ESCAPE!

THEY CAN'T KEEP ME HERE! I KNOW A WAY OUT - THE JOKER WILL YET HAVE THE LAST LAUGH!



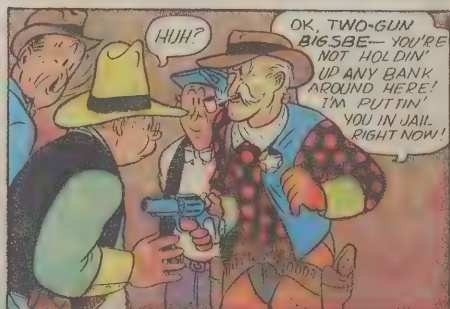
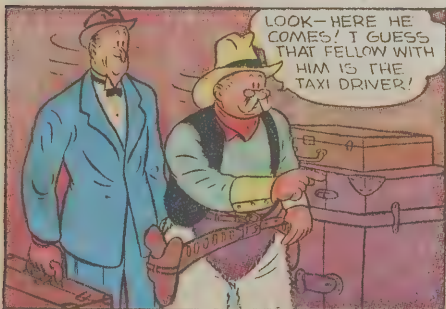
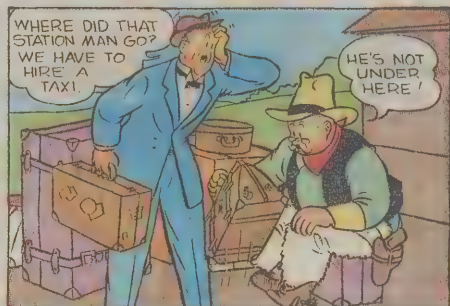
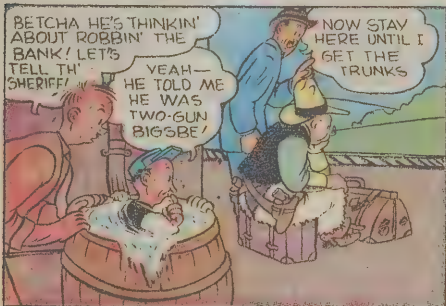
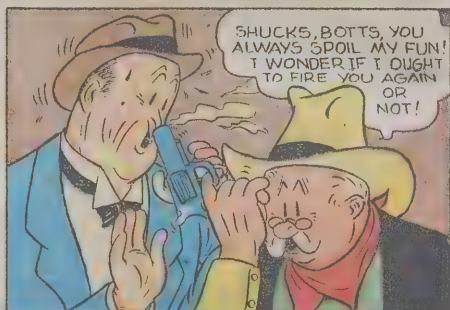
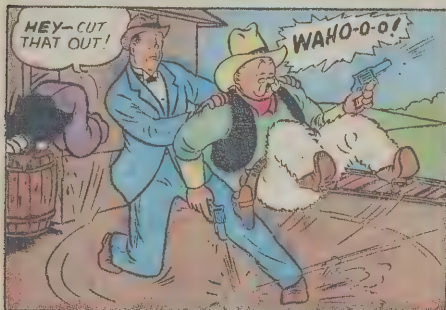
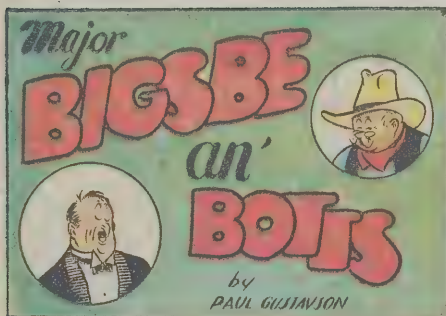
THE AMAZING BATMAN

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS ADVENTURE STRIP CHARACTER... WITH THAT

SENSATIONAL NEW DISCOVERY, THAT NIGHTING-YOUNG DARE-DEVIL

THE BOY WONDER ROBIN

WILL THRILL YOU EVERY MONTH WITH THE ASTOUNDING EXPLOITS IN DETECTIVE COMICS



BATMAN

ALREADY AN ALMOST LEGENDARY FIGURE, THE COWLED SHADOW OF THE BATMAN PROWLs THROUGH THE NIGHT PREYING UPON THE CRIMINAL PARASITE, LIKE THE WINGED CREATURE WHOSE NAME HE HAD ADOPTED.

WHILE AN INNOCENT METROPOLIS SLEEPS, LITTLE DOES IT REALIZE THAT HUGE, TERRIFYING MAN — MONSTERS SHALL SOON STALK THE STREETS AND BRING TO THEM HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION: AND LITTLE DOES BRUCE WAYNE SUSPECT THAT FATE SHALL TOUCH HIS SHOULDER AND SINGLE HIM OUT AS THE ONE TO DO BATTLE WITH THESE MONSTERS, AS HE GOES FORTH CLAD IN THE GARB OF THE WEIRD AND MENACING...
BATMAN!

NOT LONG AGO THE BATMAN HAD TAKEN THE MONSTER-CRIMINAL PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IMPRISONED... AND YET...

ONE OF YOU MEN GET THE WARDEN. WE'LL USE HIM AS A SHIELD!

OKAY STRANGE

SINCE MORE PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IS FREE TO CARRY OUT THE NEXT OF HIS DIABOLICAL SCHEMES.

WU! TRY! PROFESSOR STRANGE ESCAPES IN PRISON BREAK!

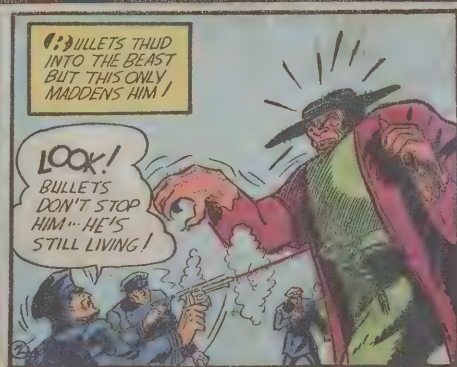
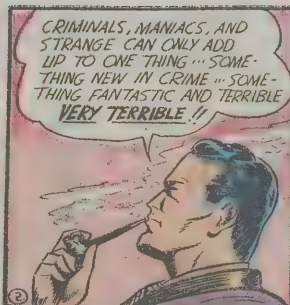
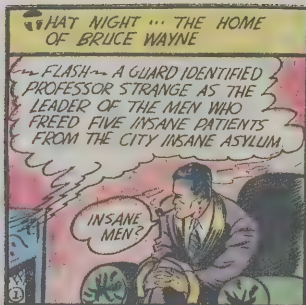
THE NEXT NIGHT... THE METROPOLIS INSANE ASYLUM

GET THEM OUT QUICKLY!

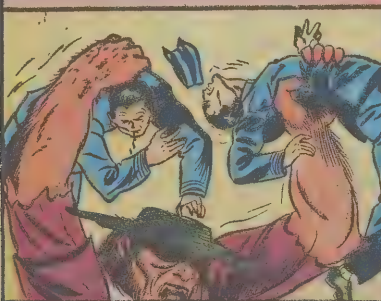
C'MON NUTS!

GOODY! GOODY!

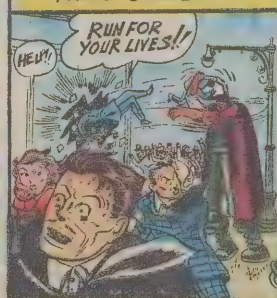
OH GOO!



THE ENRAGED BEAST SEEMS TO GO MAD!



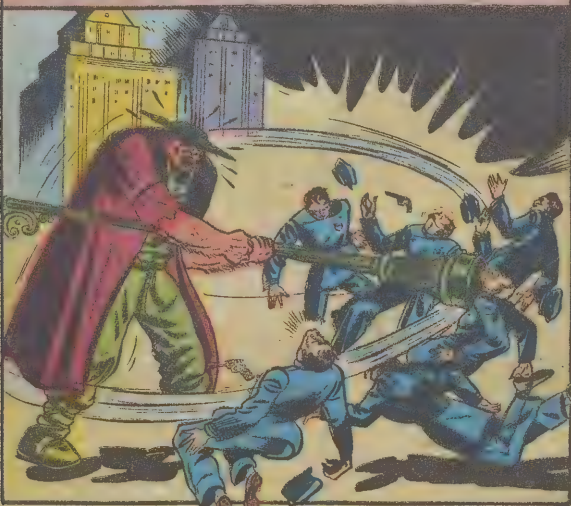
THE PEOPLE ARE PANIC-STRIKEN!



MORE POLICE RUN UP THE MONSTER RIPS UP A LAMP POST...



THE MONSTER WIELDS THE WEAPON WITH TERRIBLE EFFECT!



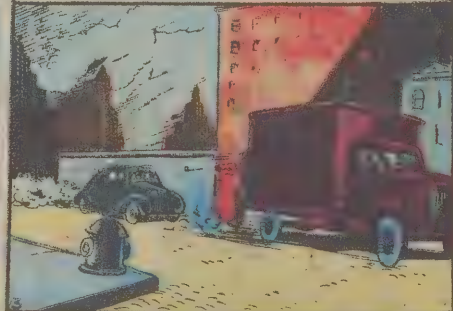
SUDDENLY AS POLICE CARS APPEAR, THE MONSTER LUMBERS TOWARD A TRUCK IDLING NEARBY

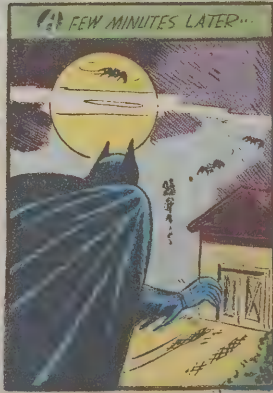
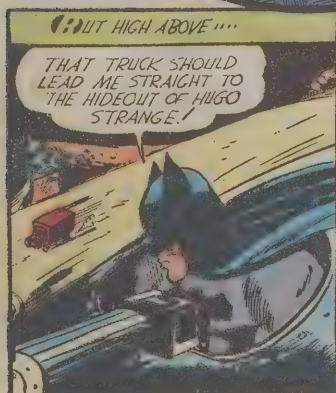
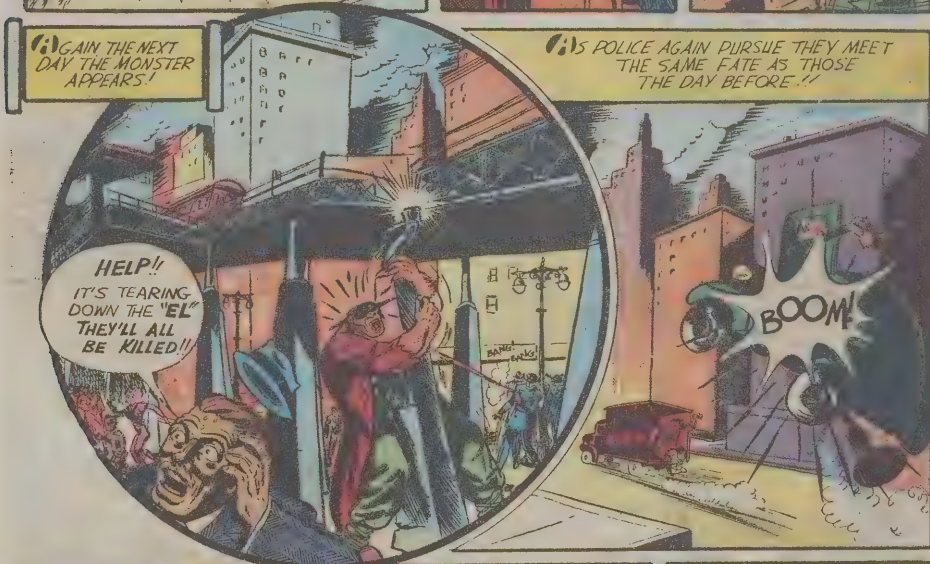
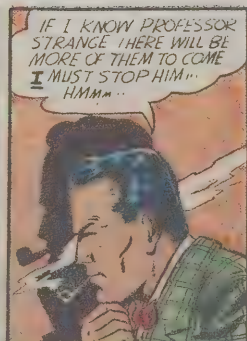
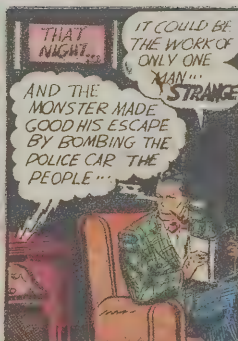
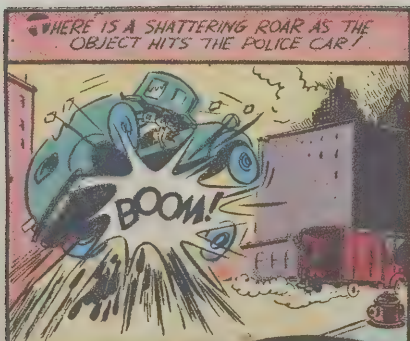


THE POLICE CAR STARTS IN PURSUIT!



AS THE POLICE DRAW NEAR, THE MONSTER HURLS SOMETHING AT THE CAR...

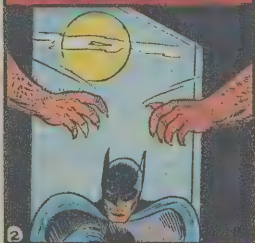




THE DOORS SUDDENLY SWING OPEN REVEALING THE DARK INTERIOR



THE BATMAN CAUTIOUSLY STEPS FORWARD, FAILING TO NOTICE HUGE HANDS



SUDDENLY THE LIGHT FLASHES ON! THE BATMAN IS IN THE HANDS OF THE MONSTERS!!



WHEN... A VOICE!

AH! I EXPECTED TO SEE YOUR UGLY FACE AROUND HERE I HAD A HUNCH YOU WERE BEHIND THIS WE MEET AGAIN PROFESSOR STRANGE!

CAUGHT! AND VERY NEATLY TOO!

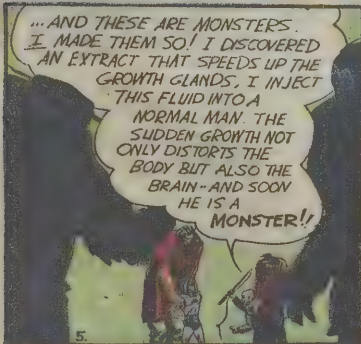


NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL LIVE VERY LONG. GRANT ME A DYING MAN'S REQUEST AND TELL ME HOW YOU'VE CREATED THESE MONSTERS, AND WHY?

WITH THE GREATEST OF PLEASURE, MY DEAR BATMAN. IF YOU WILL LOOK CLOSELY YOU WILL RECOGNIZE THEIR PICTURES IN THE PAPERS. THEY ARE THE ESCAPED LUNATICS...



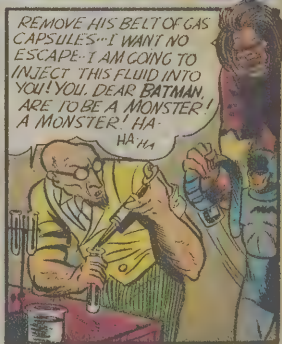
... AND THESE ARE MONSTERS. I MADE THEM SO! I DISCOVERED AN EXTRACT THAT SPEEDS UP THE GROWTH GLANDS, I INJECT THIS FLUID INTO A NORMAL MAN. THE SUDDEN GROWTH NOT ONLY DISTORTS THE BODY BUT ALSO THE BRAIN--AND SOON HE IS A MONSTER!!

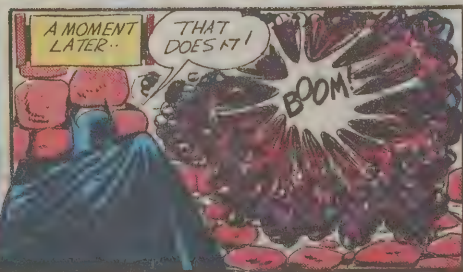
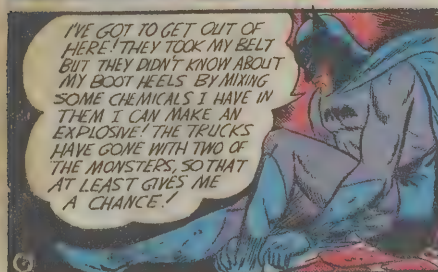
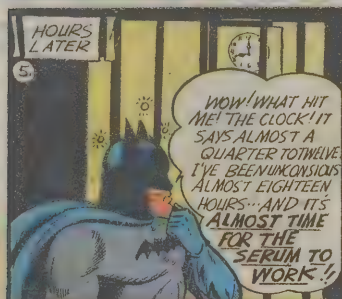
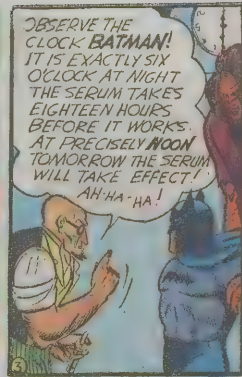
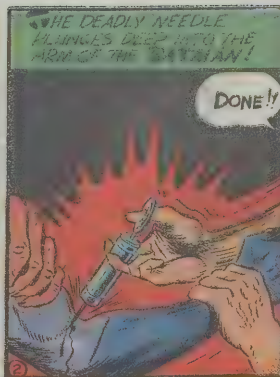
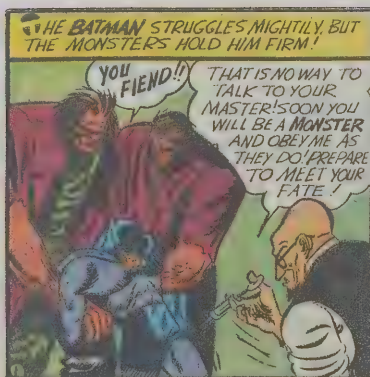


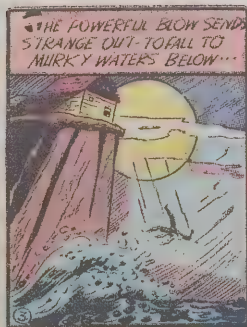
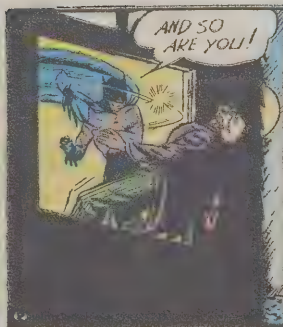
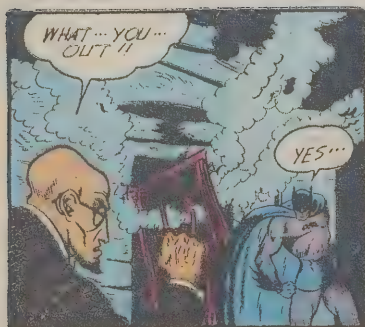
I HAVE SENT OUT A MONSTER IN CLOTHES OF BULLET PROOF MATERIAL SO THAT THE PUBLIC AND THE POLICE MAY BE BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH HIM. TOMORROW I SHALL SEND OUT TWO MONSTERS AND WHILE THE POLICE ARE CONCERNED WITH THEM MY MEN WILL LOOT THE BANKS. CLEVER ISN'T IT? YOU KNOW, AT TIMES I AM AMAZED AT MY OWN GENIUS!



REMOVE HIS BELT OF GAS CAPSULES--I WANT NO ESCAPE. I AM GOING TO INJECT THIS FLUID INTO YOU! YOU, DEAR BATMAN, ARE TO BE A MONSTER! HA HA

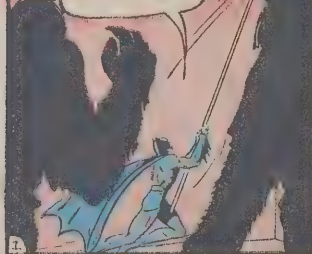






THE BATMAN TRIES FOR THE KNOB ON THE SKYLIGHT!

IF THIS DOESN'T CATCH, THEN I'LL CATCH IT FROM THE MONSTERS!



1.

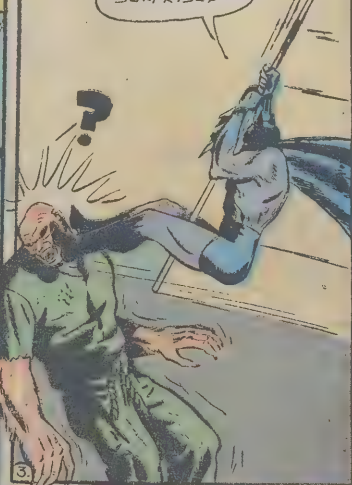
THE HOOK CATCHES AND....

BIG BOY, HERE I COME!



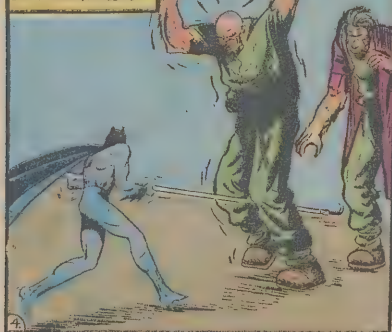
2.

I BET YOU'RE SURPRISED!



3.

AS THE ENRAGED COLLOSSUS LUMBERS FORWARD, THE BATMAN DEFTLY THRUSTS THE POLE BETWEEN HIS LEGS...



4.

...AND PULLS HARD!!



5.

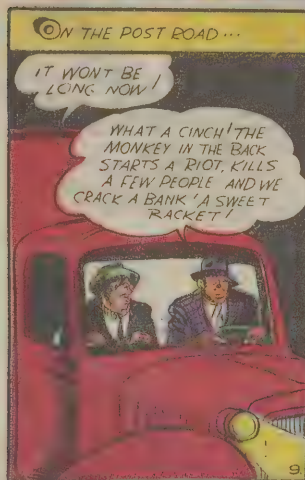
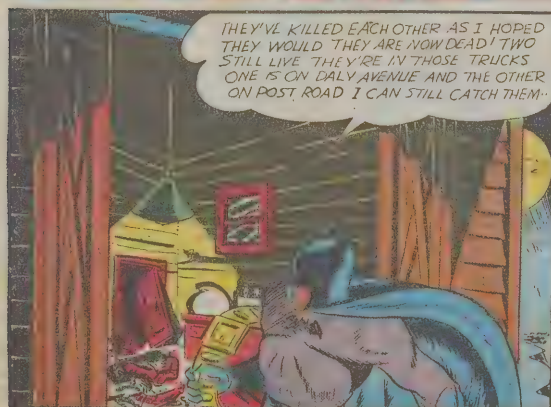
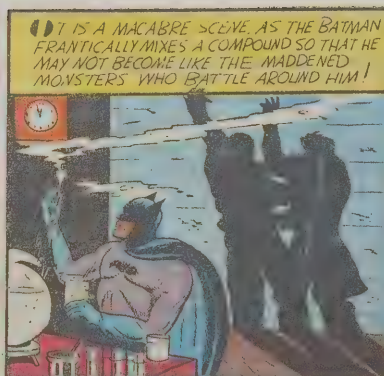
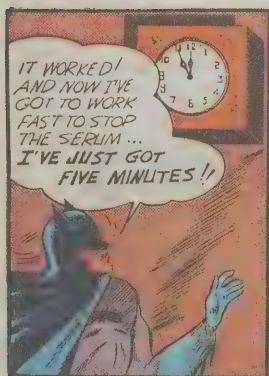
AS THE MONSTERS COLLIDE, THEY IMMEDIATELY BECOME ENRAGED AND STARE AT EACH OTHER WITH HATE IN THEIR EYES!



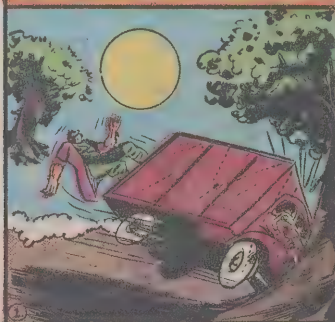
6.

ALL THOUGHTS OF THE BATMAN ARE FORGOTTEN AS THE MADDENED BEASTS FIERCELY ENGAGE IN HEATED BATTLE!





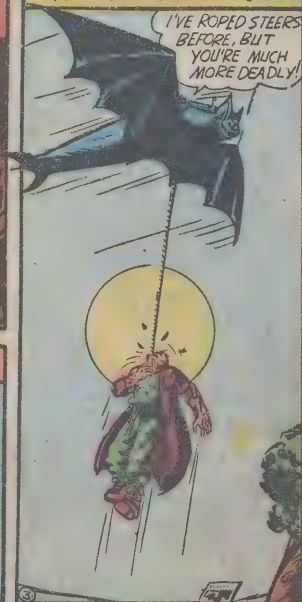
THE BULLETS TAKE THEIR TOLL! THE TRUCK CRASHES INTO A TREE!



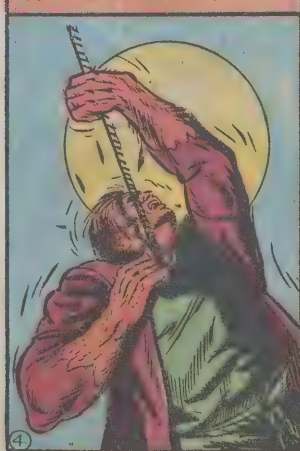
AS THE MONSTER RISES, THE STEEL-LIKE ROPE OF THE BATMAN LOOPS ABOUT HIS NECK!



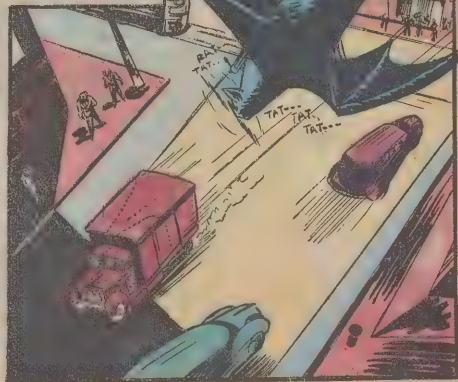
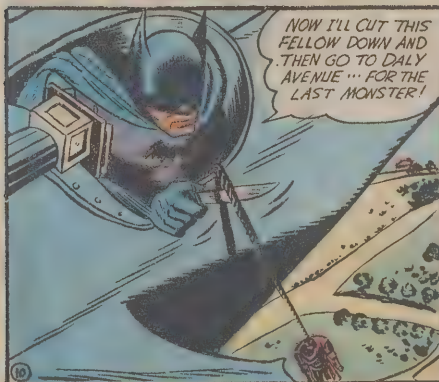
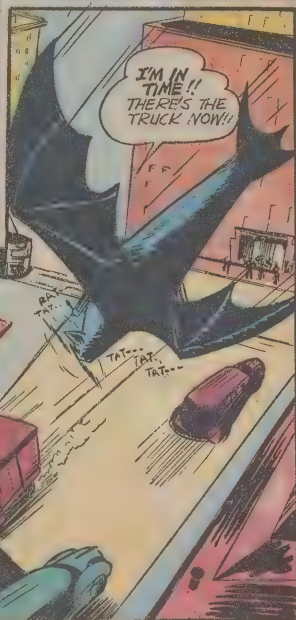
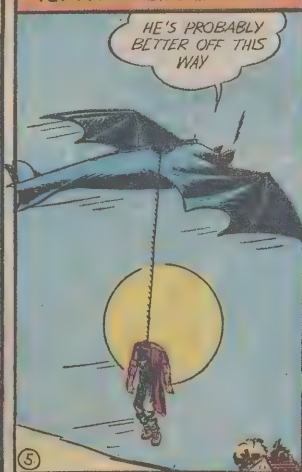
THE RISING BATPLANE JERKS THE MONSTER FROM THE GROUND

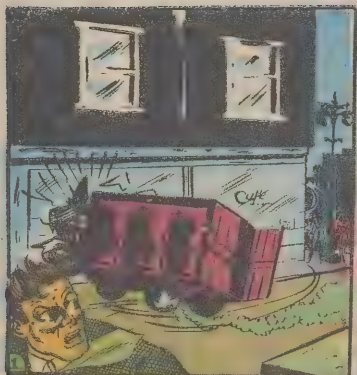


THE GIANT TRIES TO BREAK THE EVER-TIGHTENING ROPE!



FEW MOMENTS LATER...





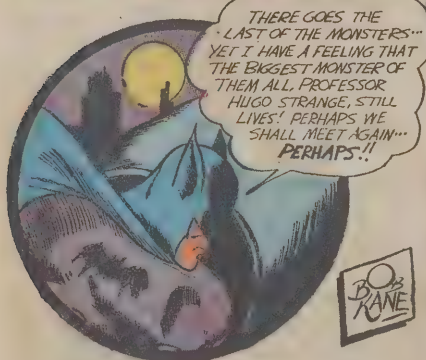
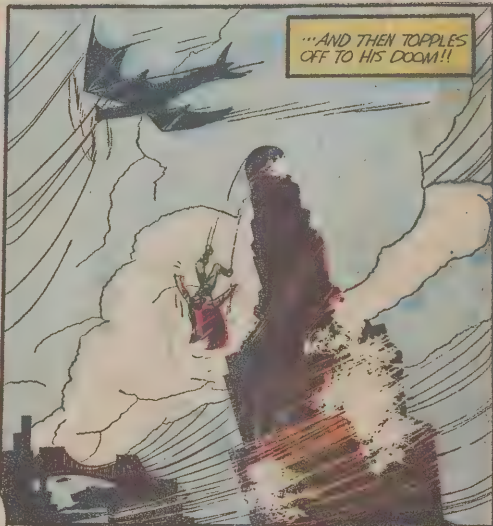
THE BULLET PROOF CLOTHES PROTECT THE MONSTER...



THIS TIME FROM THE BATPLANE GAS PELLETS!!



AS THE GAS TAKES EFFECT THE MONSTER ONCE MORE SEES THE BATPLANE... SHAKES HIS HANDS DEFIANTLY...



BOB KANE



STRICTLY PUBLICITY

By
GUY MONROE

"IT JUST isn't possible!" The Chief was saying. "A guy can't be killed when he's all alone in a room, with the door and windows barred from the inside and covered with steel shutters!"

"There's always the suicide angle," young Terry Gallant put in.

The chief snorted. "Look, Terry; you're one of the smartest young detectives on the force, but when you say 'suicide,' you're crazy! A guy can't shoot himself without a gun, can he?"

"Definitely not," Terry admitted. "But look, Chief, tell me how the whole thing worked out, will you? I just happened not to be listening to Barlow's radio program at the time of his death."

"Well, he was getting off his usual line of homespun drivel for his twenty million radio listeners, and giving them that old, old routine of his about being afraid for his life because he'd made a lot of enemies in the course of his helping so many people out of scrapes with unscrupulous characters—"

"And then?" Terry prompted.

"And then the radio audience heard a noise sort of like a sharp clap of the hands, then a terrific roar, then silence."

Terry got up. "Chief you can hand out the story that Barton Barlow committed suicide. I'll have all the details later."

With that, Terry Gallant left Headquarters and headed for the residence of the late Barton Barlow. And the Chief had confidence enough in Terry's detective ability to feel pretty certain that Terry would be able to substantiate his theory that Barlow had not been murdered

—that he had, indeed, taken his own life. Accordingly the Chief gave that story to the reporters, promising them all the details for their next edition. Neither the Chief nor the reporters were disappointed, for Terry was gone for less than an hour.

When he returned to Headquarters, the Chief's office was filled with newspapermen. And with rare concern for press deadlines, Terry didn't waste any time in telling the rest of the story.

"Barlow killed himself, all right," Terry said.

"Then what did he do with the gun—swallow it?" asked a reporter.

Terry ignored the question, considering it too facetious to warrant notice. "Let's start at the beginning," he said. "We all know that Barton Barlow was probably the greatest publicity hound the country ever produced. He'd do anything to get his name in the papers—and he's been mighty successful at it. He's a nationally known figure, and he has twenty million radio listeners. He's had a big income for years. And the biggest angle he had for publicity was that business of yelling that he expected to be bumped off at any moment. Most of that, as we all realize, was phoney."

"But he's dead," a newspaperman put in.

"Sure—by his own hand. In spite of the fact that he had a huge income, he was living beyond his means. He was deeply in debt, and on top of that the Federal government was on the verge of indicting him for income tax evasion. That would have been pretty hard for a

'righteous' guy like Barlow to take. All in all, he was badly jammed up, so he decided to kill himself, like the cowardly phoney he was."

"I still want to know," the first reporter said sarcastically, "did he eat the gun?"

Terry shook his head. "No, the gun's there. All you have to do is look for it. Concealed in a recess behind a light fixture. There's also a small electro-magnet which operates from a flashlight battery, and a very sensitive diaphragm such as you'd find in a telephone. And, you see, there was one thing that happened before the shot that gave me the clue—there was a sharp noise like the clapping of hands. It was indeed just that, and that sharp noise was just enough to disturb the diaphragm, break the electro-magnetic contact, and allow a lever to hit the trigger of the gun which killed Barlow! He wanted to kill himself in a very mysterious manner—a manner which would cause much speculation in the newspapers."

The newspapermen were running from the room, heading for telephones, anxious to get the solution of the story into the next editions of their papers.

Terry grinned at the Chief. "See? Barlow was a publicity hound in life, and he's still one in death! He'll be on the front pages of every paper in the country! A pretty good man, at that!"

The Chief lighted a fresh cigar. "You're not a bad man yourself, Terry my boy!"

Terry grinned back at him. "Remember that, will you, Chief, next time I come up for promotion?" THE END

MEET THE ARTIST!

READERS, meet Bob Kane, creator of THE BATMAN!

Realizing that people like to know something about the men who draw their favorite cartoon-strips, we induced Bob to sit down at a typewriter and dash off a few pertinent facts about his life. He complained that a drawing-board—and not a typewriter—was his natural means of artistic expression, but he did manage to hammer out a sort of synopsis about himself.

On top of that, we felt that we should have a picture of Bob to grace this page. We asked him to bring us one. "Sure," he said. "I'll take care of that." But as the days went by, and publication date came nearer and nearer, we still had no picture. Finally we had to sit Bob down at a drawing board, hold him there until a photographer could be called in from another floor of the building—and we finally got our picture!

Bob Kane was born twenty-four years ago in New York City, and has spent most of his life in the big town. As you might expect, his primary interest has always been in drawing. His work has appeared in a long list of national magazines. For some time Bob was a straight "comic" artist, specializing in drawings of a humorous nature. When the trend swung toward the adventure type of drawing, Bob was quick to see that therein lay his future, and though the abrupt change in drawing technique necessitated plenty of hard labor on his part, the phenomenal success of THE BATMAN is proof enough that Bob was capable of making the transition. It hasn't been easy, and it isn't easy even now. Anyone who thinks a comic artist has an easy life should take a look at Bob Kane's working-schedule. It's an unusual week which doesn't find Bob at the drawing board on seven consecutive days. The saving grace about it all is the fact that he enjoys his work, though he does admit that he might like to have a



little vacation come summer—three days in a row, or something like that.

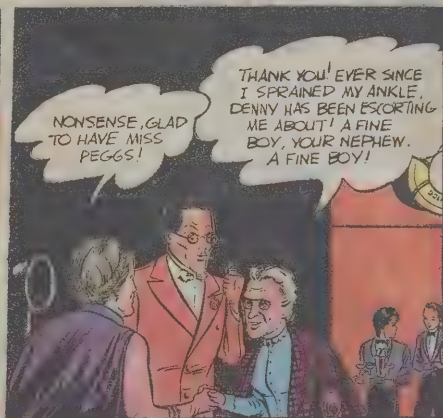
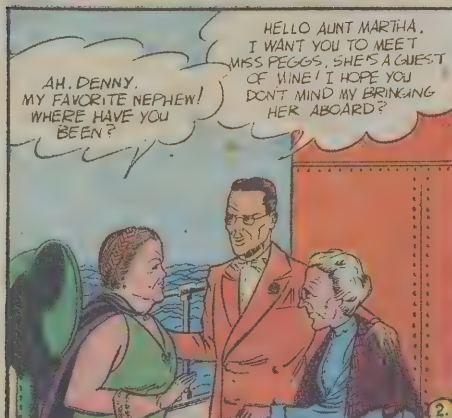
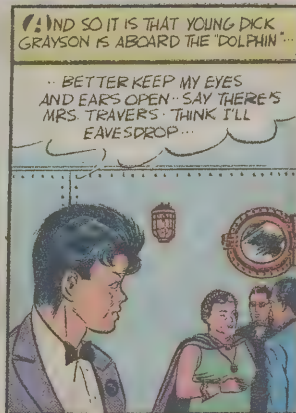
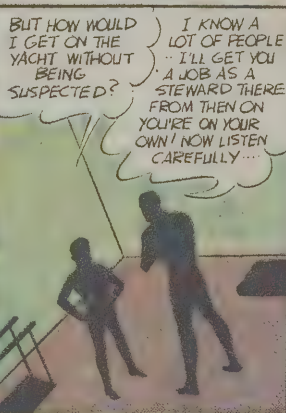
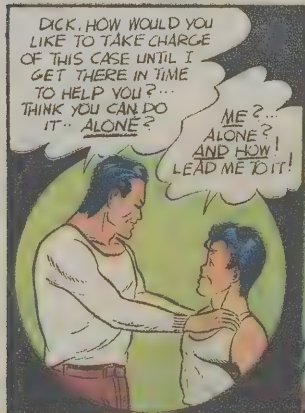
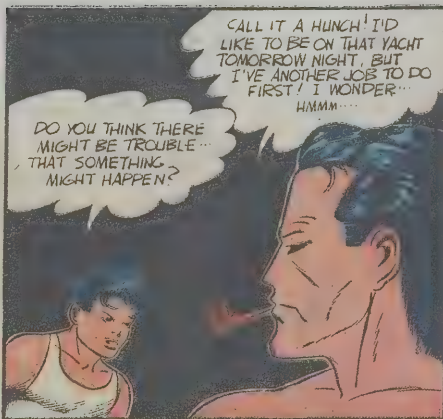
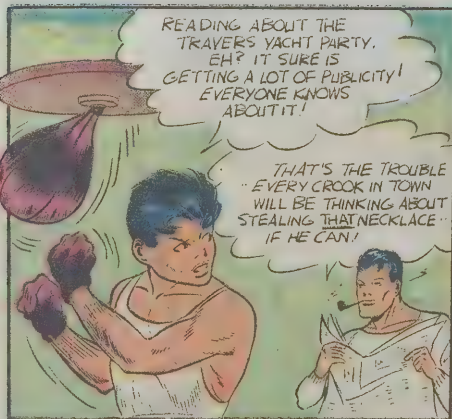
Bob has spent a good deal of time in the North woods, hunting and fishing (before THE BATMAN took up all his time, of course). He loves outdoor life in all its phases. For a time he worked as seaman on a boat plying South American waters, and he says that he feels that this contact with all sorts of people, plus the satisfaction of seeing parts of the world absolutely foreign to the environment of New York, has been of great help to him in humanizing the characters which he draws.

Bob is certainly not a copyist; his work shows a definite originality and freshness which has attracted many fervent fans. He studies

constantly, striving always to improve his work. If he has a free hour or two, he is very likely to spend it at one of the local medical colleges studying anatomy, for he well realizes that only by a thorough knowledge of bone and muscle structure is an artist able to inject into his drawings the true expression of action and motion which is so necessary to this type of art.

Bob Kane has worked hard, is still working hard, and will continue to work hard to give you just the sort of thing which you have come to expect in THE BATMAN. We predict ever-increasing success for both the artist and the creation of his facile pen. And they both deserve that success!

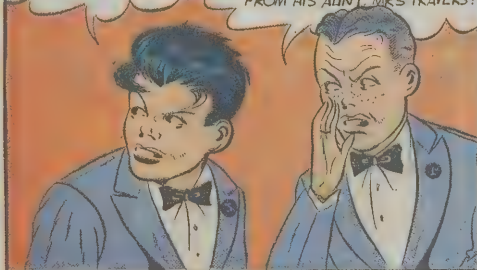
—THE EDITOR



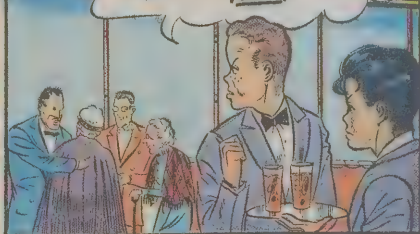
DICK "PUMPS" ONE OF THE REGULAR STEWARDS!

MUST BE A NICE FELLOW, HER NEPHEW... TO ESCORT AN OLD WOMAN AROUND LIKE THAT!

HLUH, HIM? HE'S A RAT... PROBABLY HANGING AROUND TO GET SOME MONEY OUT OF HER! HE'S ALWAYS BORROWING DOUGH FROM HIS AUNT, MRS TRAVERS!



THEY ALL TRY TO GET DOUGH OUT OF HER! SEE THAT GUY WHO JUST WALKED OVER?... THAT'S HER DOCTOR... WALLACE GAMBLES ALL HIS DOUGH AWAY... AND THEN HE BORROWS MONEY FROM MRS TRAVERS! I BET HE OWES HER PLENTY!... PLENTY!

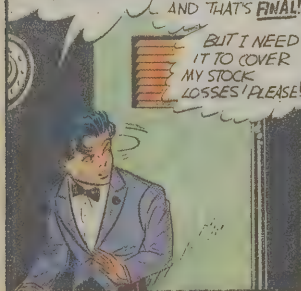


SOMETIME LATER AS DICK PASSES A CABIN...

VOICES! SOUNDS LIKE A QUARREL!

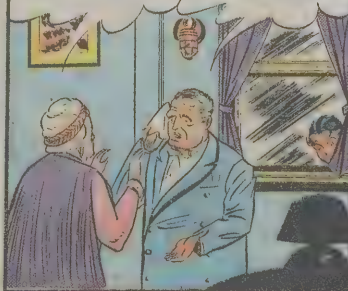
NO! I WON'T LEND YOU A CENT, ROGER... AND THAT'S FINAL!

BUT I NEED IT TO COVER MY STOCK LOSSES! PLEASE!

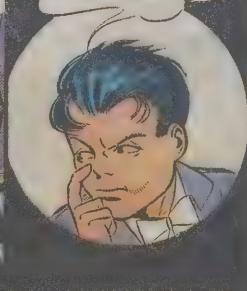


JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE MY BROTHER, DOESN'T MEAN I MUST FINANCE ALL YOUR STUPID PLUNGES IN THE STOCK MARKET!

I'LL BE RUINED! AND YOU'LL BE THE CAUSE OF IT ALL!... I'LL GET THAT MONEY SOMEHOW! SOMEWAY!



WHEW! LOOKS LIKE THIS YACHT ISN'T THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR A NECKLACE WORTH A HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!



AS HE TURNS A CORNER HE SEES DENNY, FURTIVELY THROW A PAPER OVER THE RAIL!

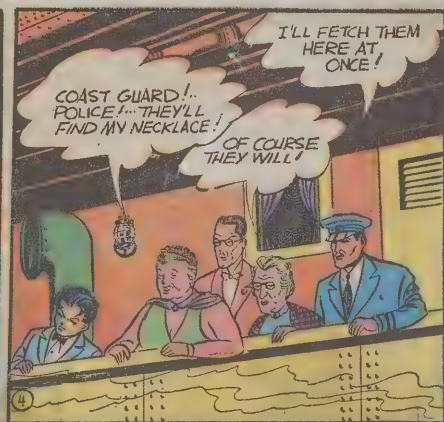
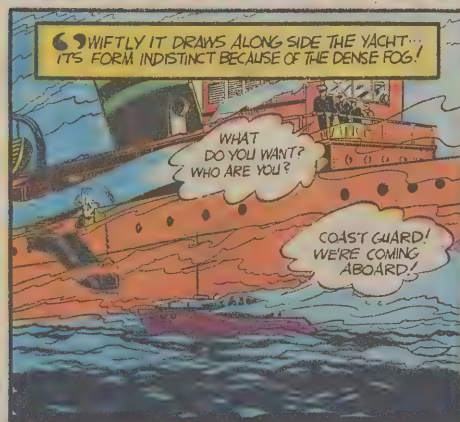
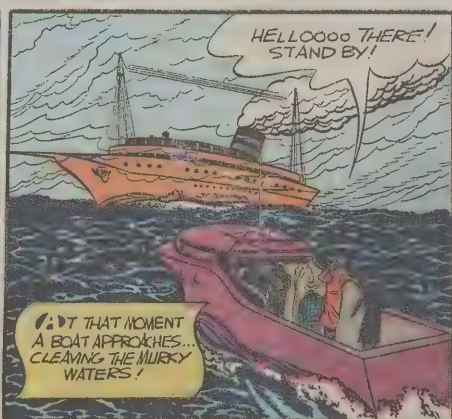
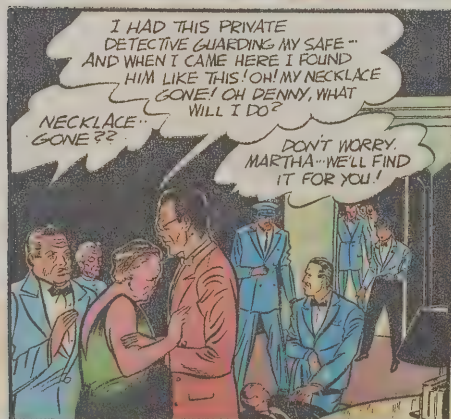
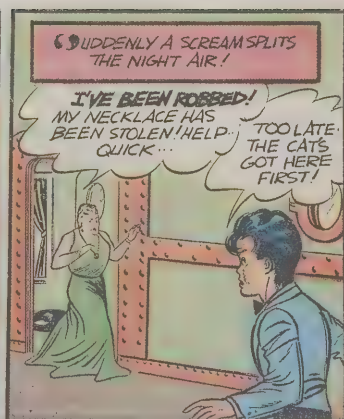
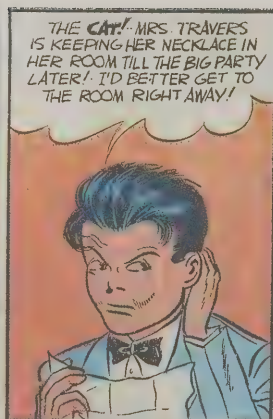
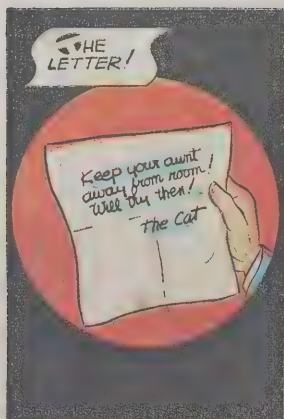
IF EVER A GUY LOOKED GUILTY ABOUT SOMETHING, HE DOES! WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT PAPER?



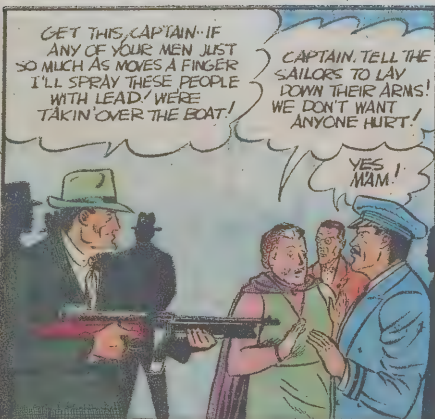
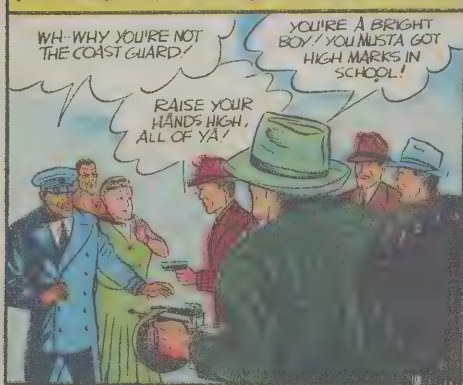
BY A QUEER QUIRK OF FATE, THE WIND SEIZES THE PAPER AND TOSSES IT BACK ON DECK

WHAT A BREAK! NOW TO READ IT!

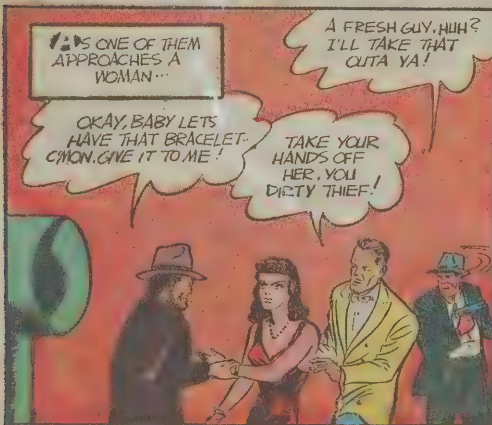
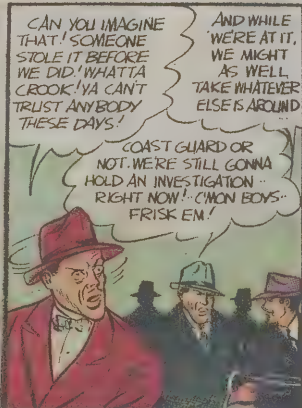
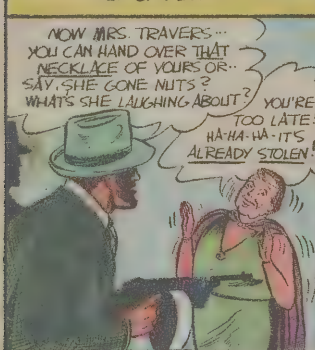


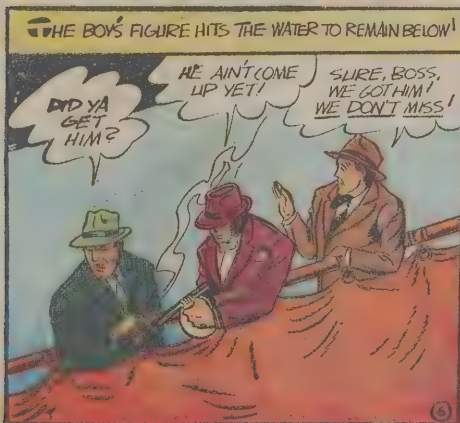
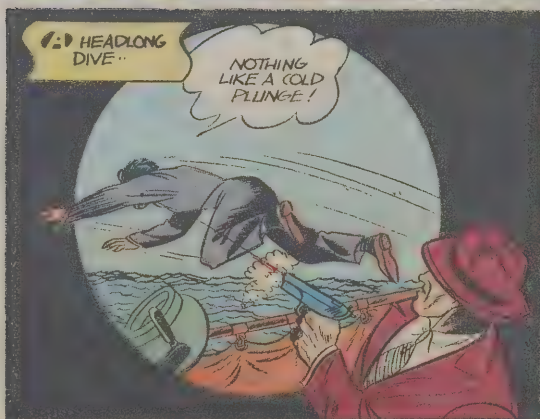
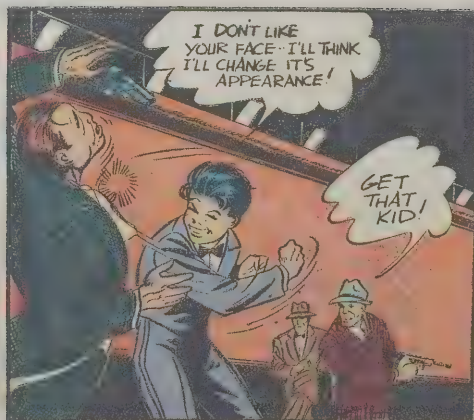


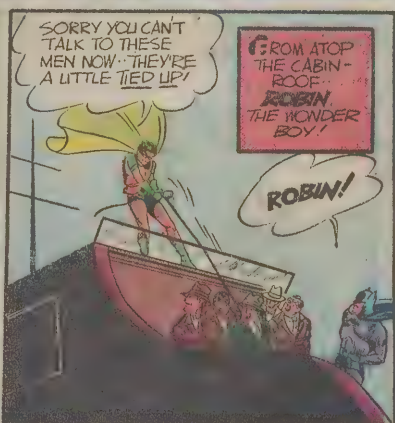
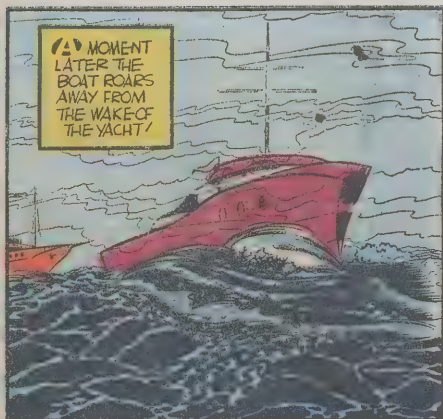
1 BUT INSTEAD OF THE COAST GUARD—QUITE THE REVERSE!

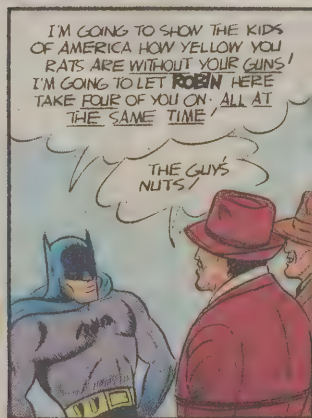
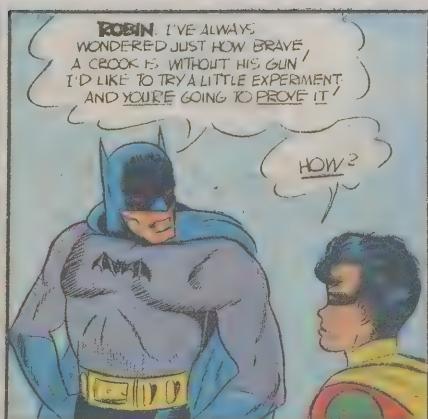
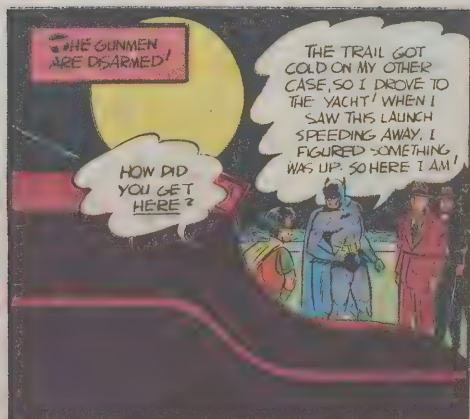


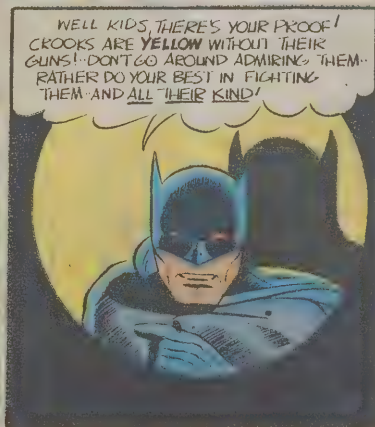
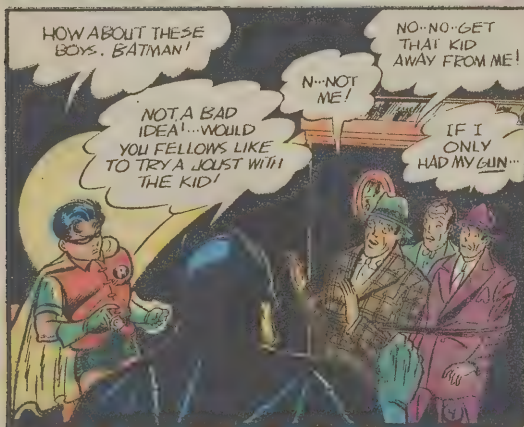
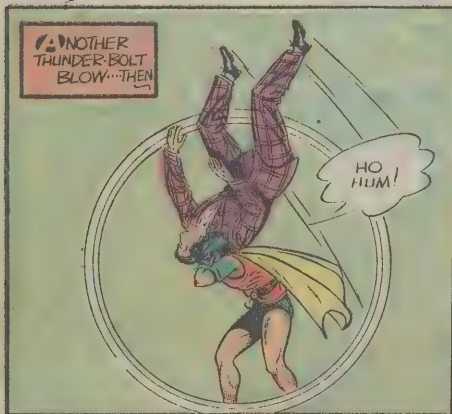
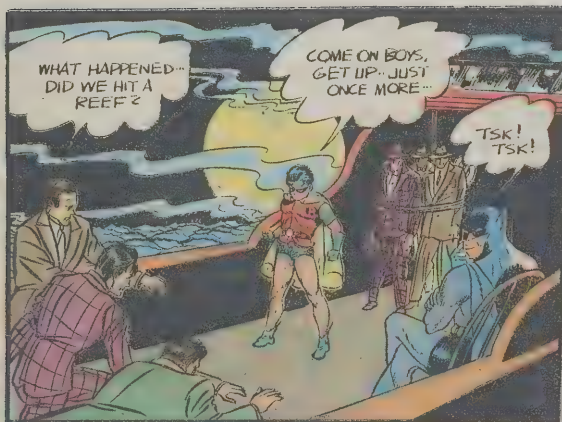
2 ON A FEW MOMENTS ALL THE CREW IS LOCKED BELOW AND THE GUESTS LINED UP ON DECK...











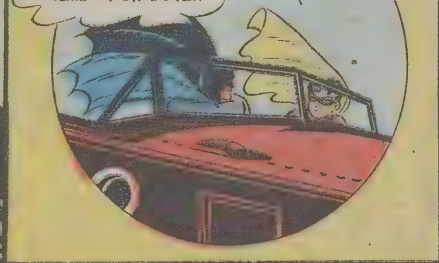
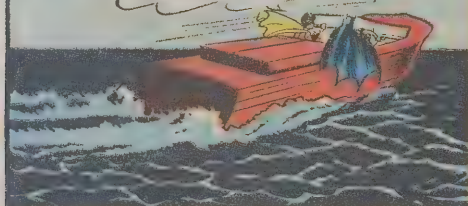
AT MOMENT LATER WITH THE JEWELS IN THEIR POSSESSION AND THE MEN TRUSSSED UP, BATMAN AND ROBIN SPEED AWAY....

"AND THEN I PICKED UP THIS PAPER WITH THE MESSAGE FROM THE CAT!"

LOOKS LIKE DENNY, MRS. TRAVERS' NEPHEW IS IN WITH THE CAT! TELL ME ABOUT THE PASSENGERS YOU SUSPECT MIGHT BE THE CAT!

...SO IT'S EITHER HER GAMBLING DOCTOR WALLACE OR HER STOCK-PLAYING BROTHER, ROGER!

LOOKS THAT WAY DOESN'T IT... BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL! - NOW LISTEN...

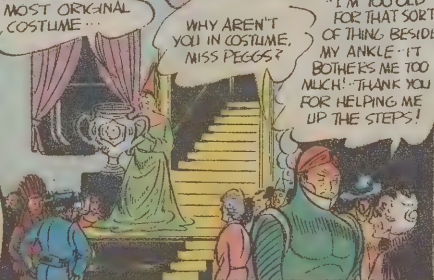


AT BOARD THE YACHT THE GUESTS ARE TRYING TO FORGET THEIR LOSSES BY HOLDING A MASQUERADE PARTY ...

...AND NOW I WILL AWARD THIS CUP TO THE PERSON WHO HAS THE MOST ORIGINAL COSTUME ...

WHY AREN'T YOU IN COSTUME, MISS PEGGS?

"I'M TOO OLD FOR THAT SORT OF THING BESIDES MY ANKLE - IT BOTHERS ME TOO MUCH! - THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME UP THE STEPS!"



AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE STEPS DOWN FROM THE STAIRWAY ONTO THE DIA DRESSED IN A WEIRD COSTUME

...LOOK... WHAT A "STRANGE COSTUME!"

HE OUGHT TO GET THE PRIZE!!

HE'S DRESSED AS THE BATMAN - WHAT A CLEVER IDEA!



IN IRONICAL JOKE TAKES PLACE!!

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED THAT YOUR COSTUME OF THE BATMAN IS THE MOST ORIGINAL HERE TONIGHT - THE CUP IS YOURS!!

"THANK YOU - I ACCEPT THE CUP AND NOW, IF I MAY, I WOULD LIKE TO FILL IT WITH..."

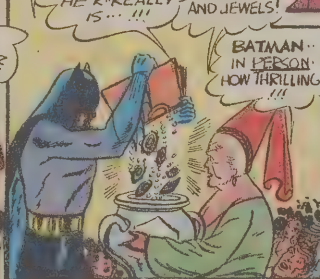
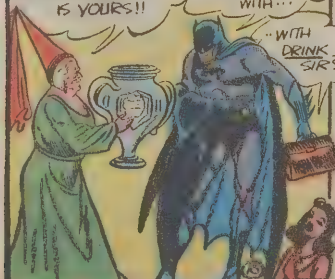
"NO DEAR LADY - WITH YOUR STOLEN PROPERTY! I HAVE RECOVERED IT - YOU SEE - I REALLY AM - THE BATMAN!"

THE BATMAN - HE R-REALLY IS... !!!

OUR MONEY AND JEWELS!

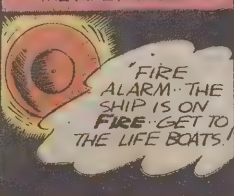
"WITH DRINK SIR?"

BATMAN - IN PERSON - HOW THRILLING !!!



AT THAT MOMENT THE LOUD CLANGING OF A BELL IS HEARD - THE FIRE ALARM!

"FIRE ALARM - THE SHIP IS ON FIRE - GET TO THE LIFE BOATS!"



THE PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE DASH OUT...THE BATMAN NOTICES A STRANGE THING...MISS PEGGIE IS RUNNING LIKE A MUCH YOUNGER PERSON...AND WITHOUT A LIMP!!

IT WORKED!...THERE GOES MISS PEGGIE'S NICE LEGS FOR AN OLD WOMAN!

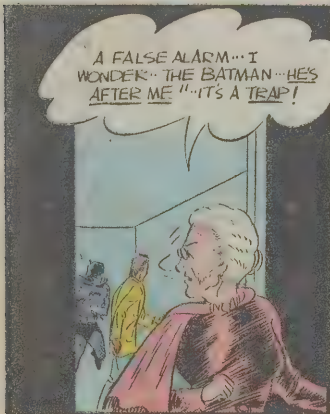


THE CAPTAIN APPEARS AND SHOUTS OUT WORDS THAT ALMOST HYPNOTIZE THE PEOPLE TO ORDER...

STOP! THERE'S NO FIRE! IT'S A FALSE ALARM! SOME CRAZY FOOL MUST HAVE SET THE ALARM OFF AS A JOKE!!!



A FALSE ALARM...I WONDER...THE BATMAN...HE'S AFTER ME...IT'S A TRAP!



BUT EVEN AS SHE DESCENDS THE STAIRS...A FIGURE HURTLES AFTER HER!



ROBIN...THE BOY WONDER...COMES THROUGH AGAIN!!!

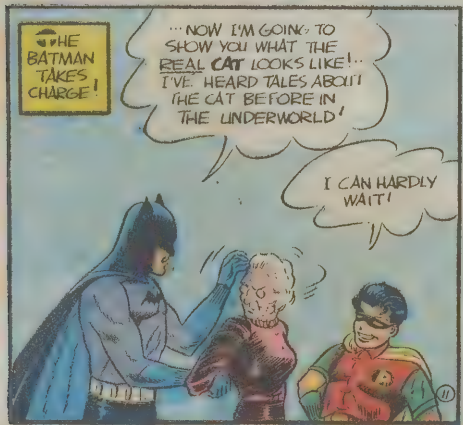
MY MOTHER TOLD ME NEVER TO FIGHT WITH A LADY...BUT THIS TIME I'M MAKING AN EXCEPTION!!



THE BATMAN TAKES CHARGE!

...NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT THE REAL CAT LOOKS LIKE! I'VE HEARD TALES ABOUT THE CAT BEFORE IN THE UNDERWORLD!

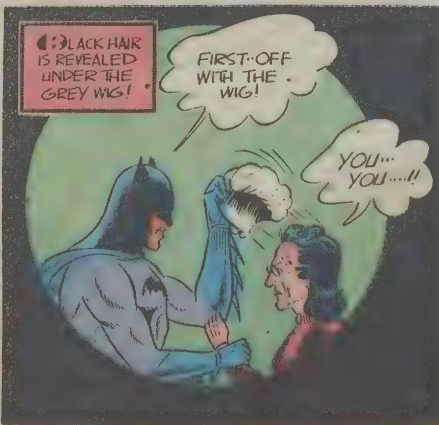
I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

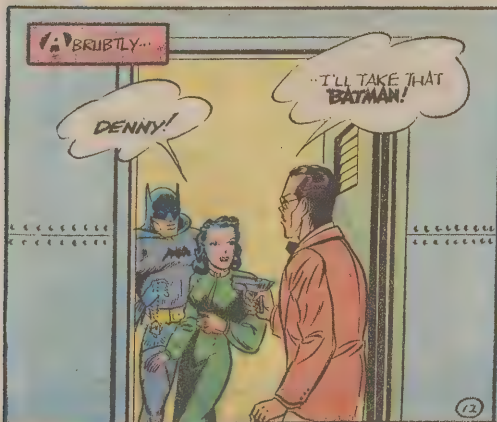
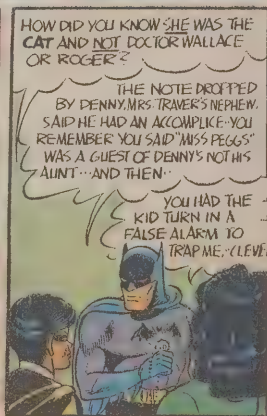
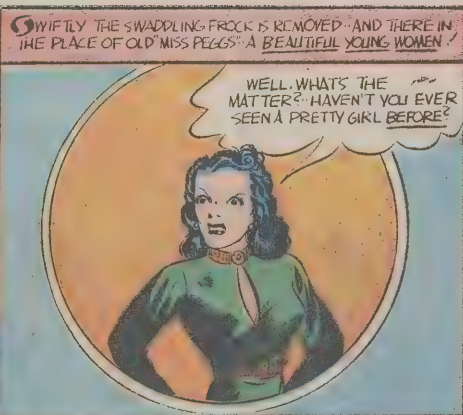


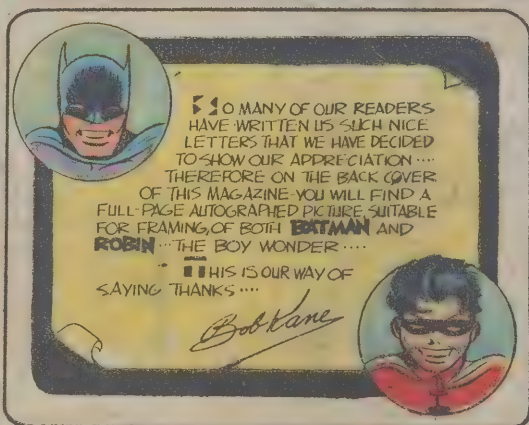
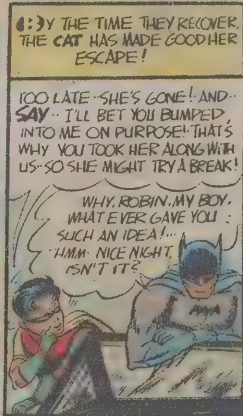
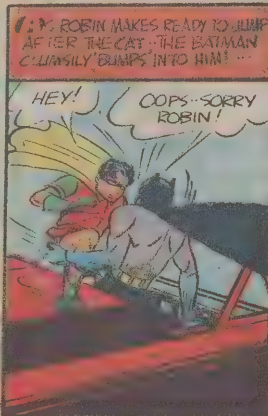
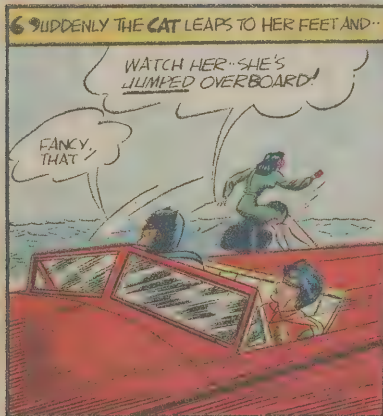
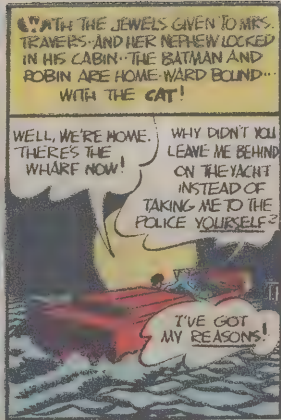
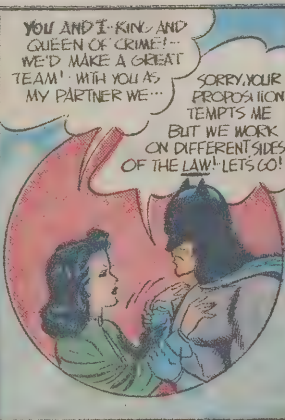
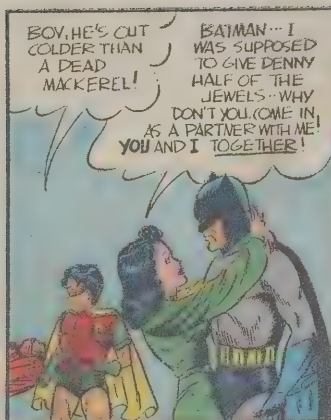
BLACK HAIR IS REVEALED UNDER THE GREY WIG!

FIRST OFF WITH THE WIG!

YOU... YOU...!!

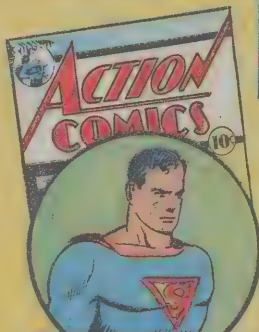






THE 'BIG SIX' COMIC MAGAZINES STILL LEAD THE FIELD!

Watch for these headlines
Features Every Month!



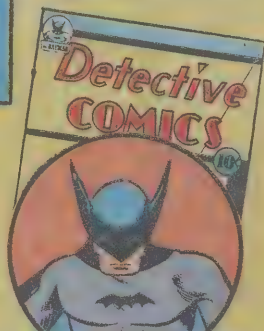
SUPERMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 23RD
OF EVERY MONTH



THE SANDMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 7TH
OF EVERY MONTH



The BATMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 5TH
OF EVERY MONTH



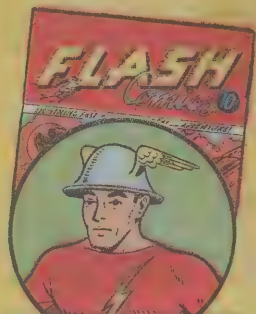
ULTRA MAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 20TH
OF EVERY MONTH



THE SPECTRE

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 1ST
OF EVERY MONTH



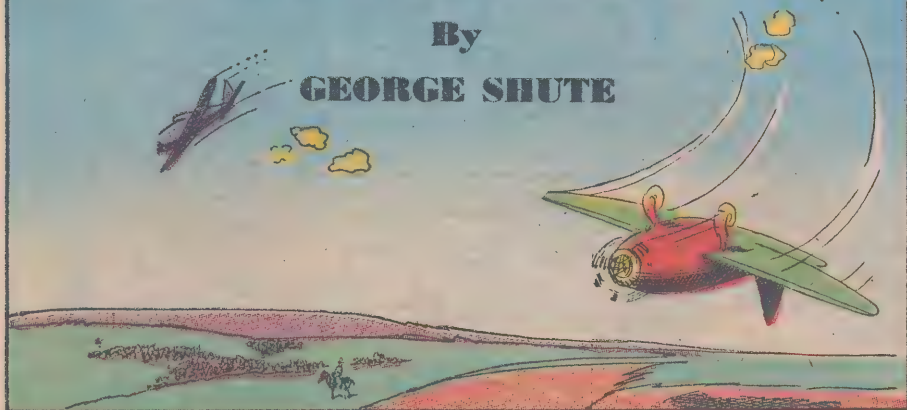
THE FLASH

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 15TH
OF EVERY MONTH

TWO ACES

By

GEORGE SHUTE



VISIBILITY excellent; ceiling unlimited. Those were the things Lieutenant Bill Wayne of the United States Navy Air Corps had just concluded reporting. He hadn't said what he thought; that might have meant disciplining.

What he had thought was this: "The nerve of that inventor, Doctor Synce, getting a Navy flier to carry his precious plans from Pensacola to the Coast. After all, that spy talk is silly. A regular transport could have run them just as well."

Wayne's eyes strayed to the instrument board. Everything was in perfect order. His eyes sought the horizon, watched a solitary plane zoom through the skies. Mechanically, into Wayne's mind flashed the thought that the pilot of the strange plane was flying below required altitude level.

"Another amateur," he grumbled. "Those prairie pilots will never learn." Beneath him, the colorless stretch of Texas wasteland rolled on endlessly, dotted now and then with herds resembling giant ants in sluggish mood.

Suddenly, Wayne stiffened. The plane ahead was closing the distance between them with the speed of a meteor. "That's no amateur," Wayne muttered. "That guy's a real pilot." He didn't know why, but there came from the past a picture the years hadn't been able to wipe out. Twenty-two

years ago . . .

That time, he had been easing his Spad home, back to the disciplining he would get, despite being an ace, for losing his squadron. They had gone into a cloud bank and then disappeared from sight. Unable to find them, he started home.

Then, streaking like a comet, had come the most feared plane in the air: Von Berket's "FIRE-BIRD," with 28 planes to its credit. For almost an hour, Wayne and Von Berket had fought, using every trick of aerial combat. And then, when Wayne's hands were so tired he could hardly grip his machine gun, a miracle had happened. Flame belched from Von Berket's engine. Like a flash, Wayne was behind him, ready to send a hail of death into the enemy's back.

But something had stayed his hand. That something was the love of a sportsman, a gentleman and an officer, for one who had shown fair play.

It was Bill Wayne who had pulled Von Berket to safety from the German plane after it dropped on French soil.

And it was Bill Wayne who visited him in the field hospital and found a boy like himself. Both aces. Admiration had ripened into friendship, a pact almost, because Von Berket gave Bill his Iron Cross. And Wayne, who nev-

er wore his medals, gave the German his fraternity pin.

But that was years ago. Von Berket had been enmeshed in Nazi politics since, seemed to have dropped out of sight, while he, Bill Wayne, had been reduced to flying military plans for scared inventors.

Wayne started to yawn, but that yawn was never quite completed. He shook his head in disbelief. The other plane was above him, executing a tricky aerial maneuver, trying to get onto his tail and force him down!

Wayne waved him away excitedly. "What's the fool trying to do!" he fumed. "Show off?" He yelled over the cockpit, then ducked. A stream of bullets initiated the left side of his fuselage.

Instantly, Wayne's nerves tightened. This was war again, a fight to the finish! The inventor had been right! Somebody was after those plans, and the somebody was above him! Well, let the dirty spies come!

Wayne went into a roll, straightened, pulled back on the stick. This guy was crazy, attacking a Navy plane. Wayne's engine roared as the ship nosed up. Wayne ticked his gun button. Splattity . . . splattity . . . splattity . . . his bullets chattered beneath the other plane's belly, sending it up for altitude.

Warily they fought. And the

longer they fought, the greater was Bill Wayne's admiration for his adversary. This guy, whoever he was, could handle a plane. And he sure had nerve to try forcing a Navy flier down.

War in peacetime! Wayne's heart was singing a symphony of lead as he matched trick for trick with his opponent. It was like two champions in the ring, both skilled in footwork, both adept with their hands, each possessing powerful punches. And below, a herd of cattle grazed contentedly.

Then it happened. The attacker went high, winged over in an Immelmann turn. Wayne almost screamed with joy. This was a fatal mistake on the enemy's part. He would have gotten away with it with almost any other flier in the Navy.

But not with Bill Wayne! Because it was just that trick—a trick Von Berket had perfected and that he had shown to Bill—

that had made Bill a greater ace. Wayne knew the defense and the offense for it.

His motor roared as he side-slipped, then climbed. In an instant, his inside loop carried him behind the other plane. He saw the pilot stiffen in his seat as the bullets hit.

A long plume of black smoke marked the plane's progress to the ground. The explosion wrote the end.

Two cowboys were staring at the burning wreckage as Bill Wayne three-pointed onto the bumpy land and ran over, gun in hand.

"Burned to death, mister, that feller did!" The cowboy's eyes were mournful. "We tried to help him. Too late. His shoes are over in that sagebrush. (What happened? Who's he?"

Wayne's eyes caught the glimmer of gold beneath a shred of canvas. He picked it up, looked at the Greek letters.

There was no doubt about it. The broken clasp was still there, just as it had been when he had handed it to Von Berket ages ago in a field hospital in France.

In his throat, the lump seemed to grow bigger as he spoke. "Him?" He really didn't want to talk. "Just a fellow who found out that politics make strange bedfellows." The cowboys stared curiously at him. "You see," Bill explained. "When a man fights for things he can't touch, he'll always lose!"

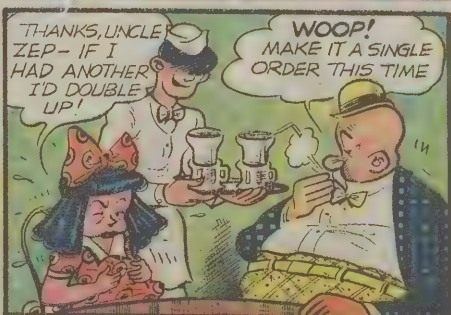
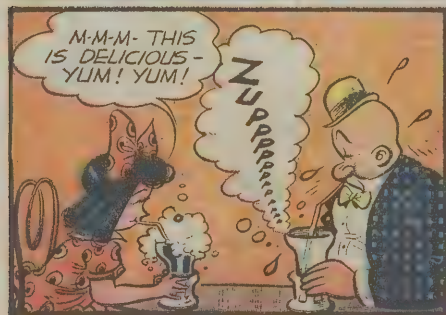
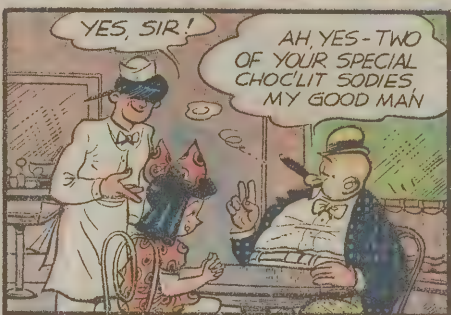
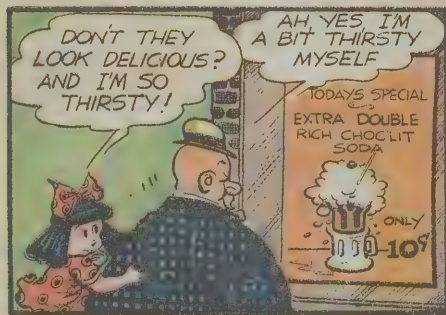
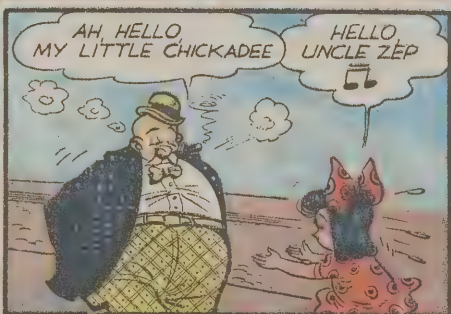
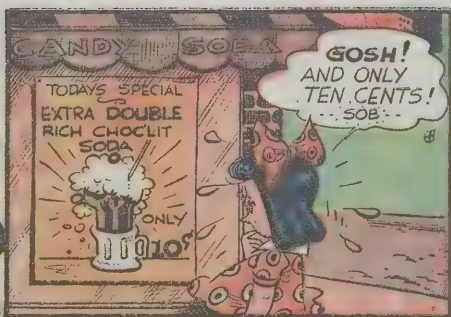
Slowly, he walked toward his plane. But he had already decided that when he made out his report, he wouldn't mention anything about Von Berket. Because to Bill, Von Berket had died somewhere in Germany! Died a hero; not a spy!

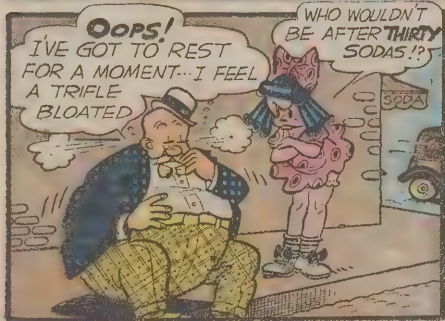
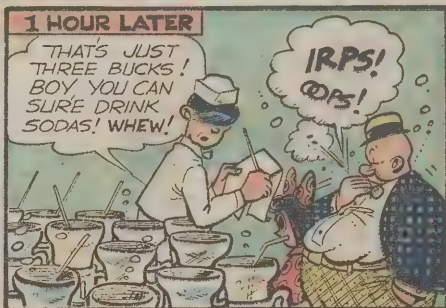
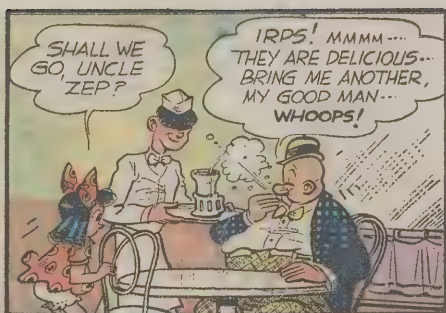
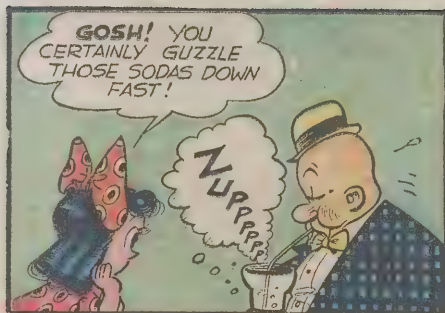
THE END



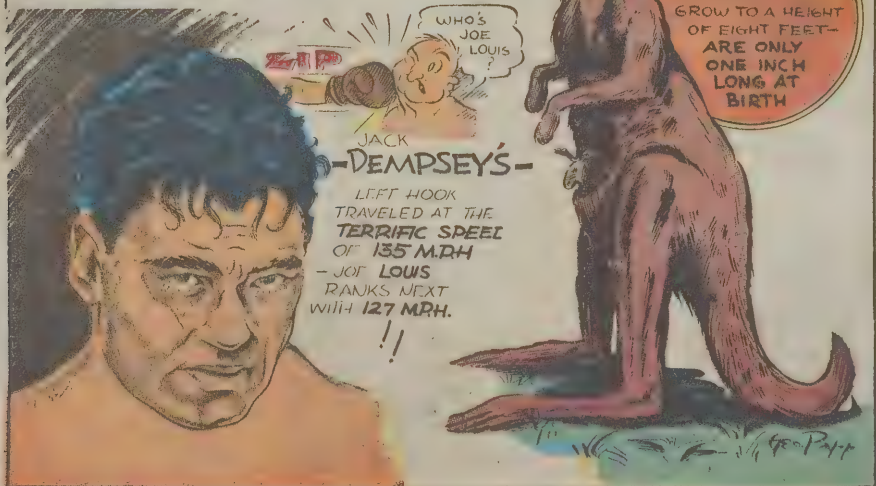
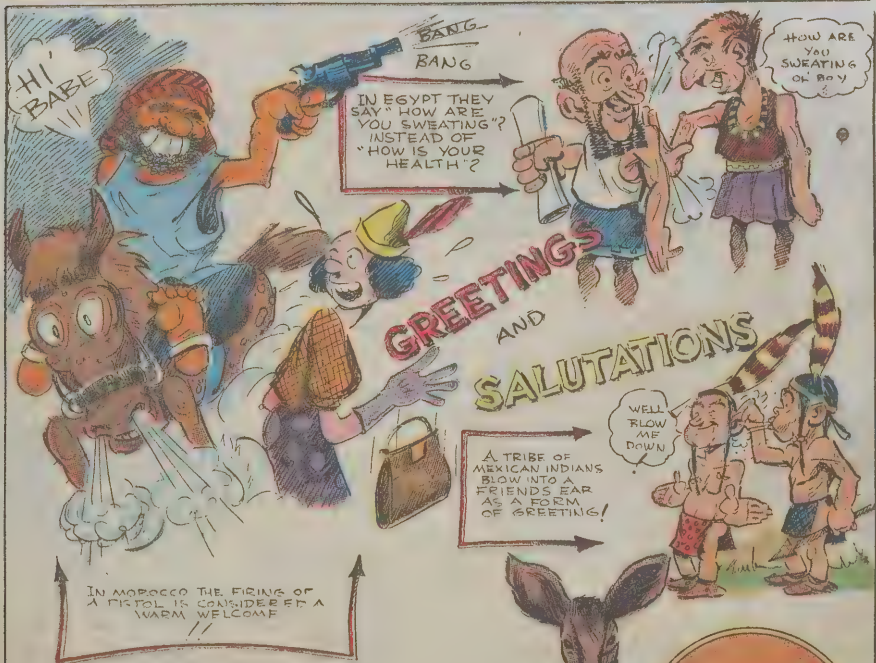
WINTER SNAP!

by Ted Rave





FANTASTIC FACTS



BAT MAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

THE JOKER RETURNS..

ONCE AGAIN THAT HARLEQUIN OF HATE... THE **JOKER**... BRINGS GRINNING DEATH TO A TERRIFIED PEOPLE... A MOCKING DOOM FROM WHICH NO ONE CAN ESCAPE... AND ONCE AGAIN TWO HEROIC FIGURES... **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER... PIT THEIR AMAZING SKILL IN A SUPREME EFFORT TO HALT THIS PARADE OF CRIME...



BY



LESS THAN TWO DAYS AGO THE **BATMAN** HAD SEEN THE **JOKER** THRUST INTO A CELL TO AWAIT TRIAL... IN HIS CELL THE WILY **JOKER** PLANS ESCAPE...

JAIL ME, WILL THEY... A MAN OF MY INTELLECT? I'LL ESCAPE AND MAKE THEM PAY FOR THIS INSULT!

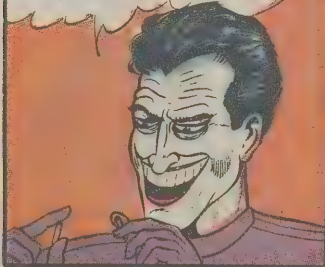
ACROSS THE SATURNINE FACE FLITS THE GHASTLY GRIN... THE TERRIBLE SMILE OF THE **JOKER**...

AND THAT **BATMAN** AND THE **BOY**... IF EVER I MEET THEM AGAIN... BUT FIRST I MUST ESCAPE... NOW!!



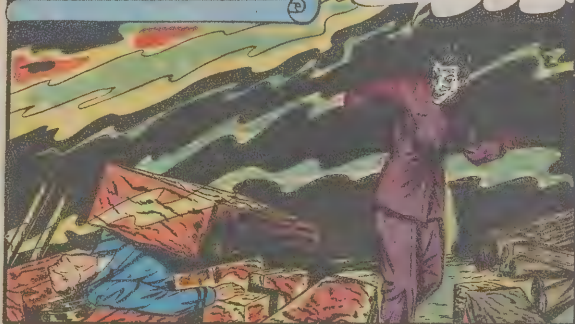
FROM THE BACK OF HIS MOUTH THE **JOKER** UNSCREWS TWO FALSE TEETH!

INSIDE EACH TOOTH IS A CHEMICAL WHICH WHEN MIXED TOGETHER FORMS A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE... MY MEANS OF ESCAPE!



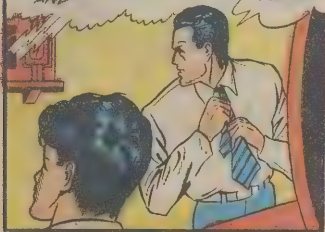
MOMENTS LATER A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION BLOWS A GAPING HOLE IN THE CELL WALL!

FREEDOM! AU REVOIR GENTLEMAN... TILL WE MEET AGAIN... HA-HA-HA



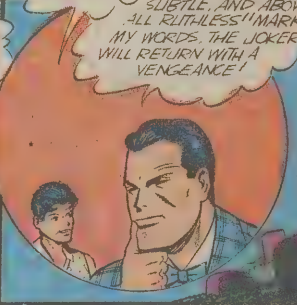
STARTLING NEWS STIRS BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON!

FLASH! WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE **JOKER** HAS JUST ESCAPED PRISON! AFTER MYSTERIOUSLY BLOWING UP HIS CELL, HE OVERPOWERED TWO GUARDS... WELL I'LL BE...

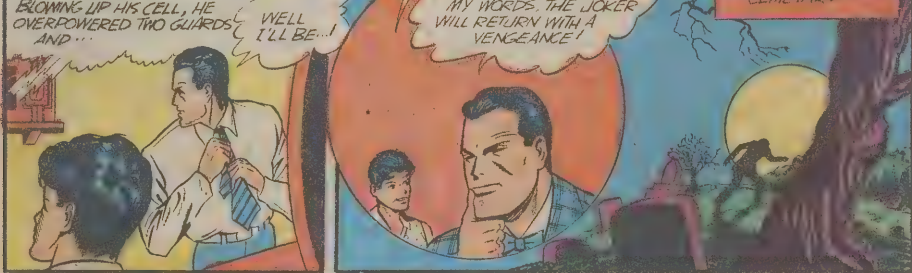


THE **JOKER** FREE! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

I CAN! HE'S A VERY UNUSUAL MAN! HE'S SHREWD, SUBTLE, AND ABOVE ALL RUTHLESS! MARK MY WORDS, THE **JOKER** WILL RETURN WITH A VENGEANCE!



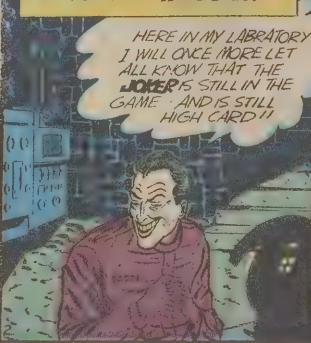
AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE GHOSTS THROUGH THE GLOOM THAT HANGS OVER THE DECAYING GRAVESTONES OF A DESERTED CEMETARY!



THE PHANTOM-LIKE FORM PUSHES AGAINST A CURIOUS GRAVESTONE... THE GROUND SLIPS AWAY REVEALING A YAWNING GAP AT HIS FEET...

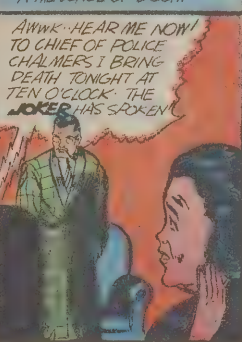


THE FIGURE DESCENDS INTO THE CRYPT... A LIGHT SWITCHES ON... AND REVEALS THE **JOKER**!!

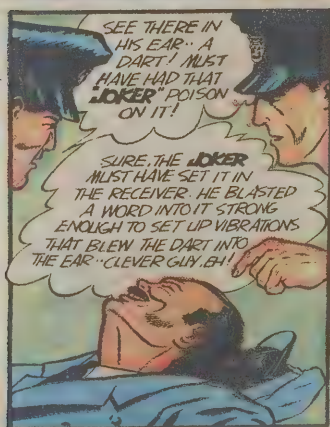
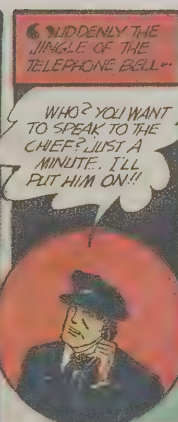


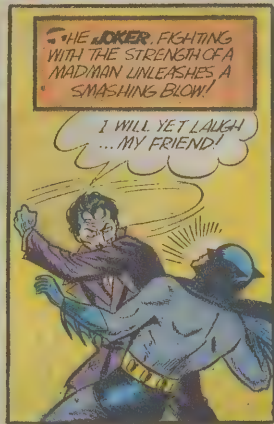
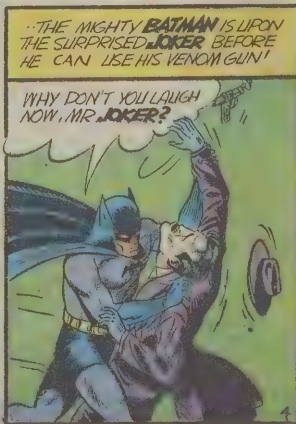
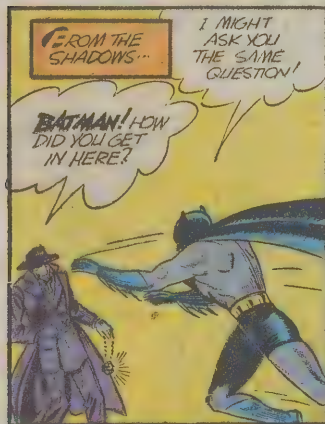
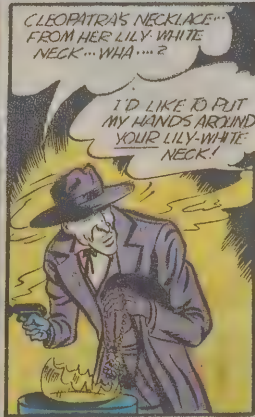
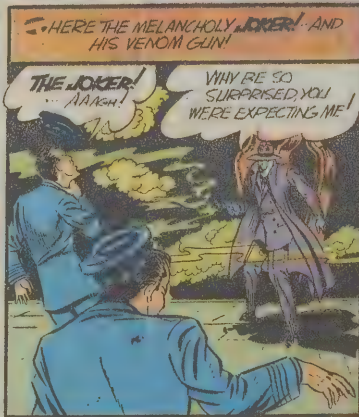
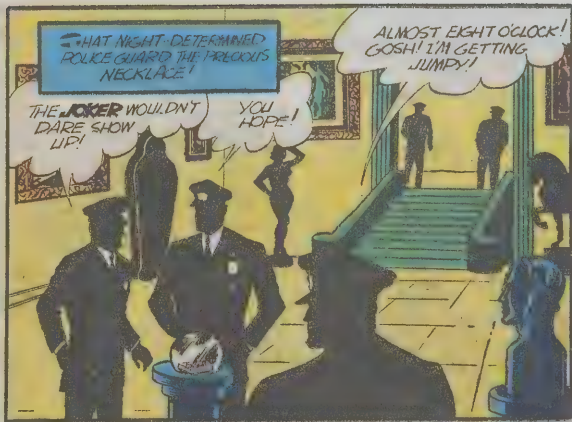
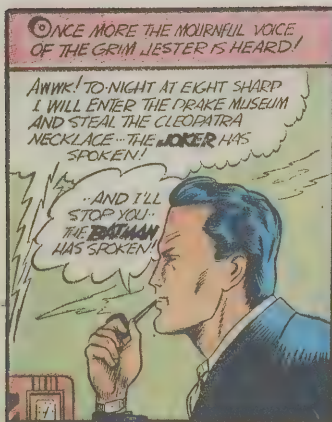
HERE IN MY LABORATORY I WILL ONCE MORE LET ALL KNOW THAT THE **JOKER** IS STILL IN THE GAME... AND IS STILL HIGH CARD!!

ONCE AGAIN AS PEOPLE LISTEN AT RADIOS, COMES THAT BREAK... A DEADLY VOICE... A MESSAGE OF DOOM!!



AWWW... HEAR ME NOW! TO CHIEF OF POLICE CHALMERS I BRING DEATH TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK... THE **JOKER** HAS SPOKEN!





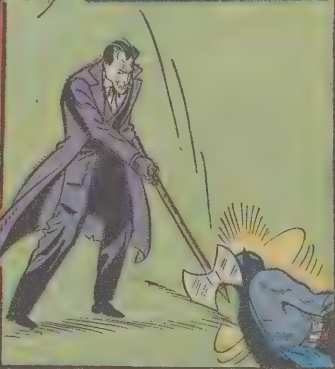
THE MADMAN REACHES FOR AN ANCIENT MAKE!



I'LL FINISH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL...MR. BATMAN...
HA...HA...HA...HA...

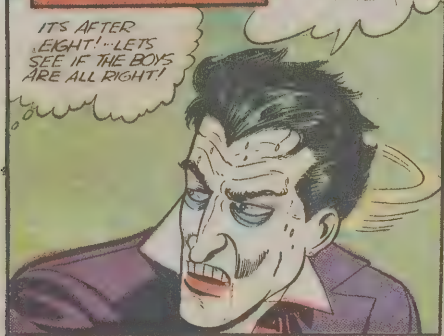


A SHEER, DESPERATE TWIST OF THE **BATMAN'S** BODY AND THE MAKE GIVES HIM A GLANCING BLOW ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD!



SUDDENLY THE ROUNING OF RUNNING FEET--RAISED VOICES...

THE POLICE FROM DOWNSTAIRS THEY MUST FIND ME!



IT'S AFTER EIGHT!--LET'S SEE IF THE BOYS ARE ALL RIGHT!



LOOK! THE **JOKER'S** BEEN HERE! THE NECKLACE IS GONE!

THE BOYS--THEY ALL HAVE THE SIGN OF THE **JOKER** ON THEIR FACES!

NEVER MIND THE **JOKER**. LOOK! WHAT I FOUND THE **BATMAN**!

THE **BATMAN**! WELL, WE HAVE CAUGHT SOMEBODY! NOW I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO DO FOR A LONG TIME--TAKE OFF THE **BATMAN'S MASK** AND SEE WHO HE REALLY IS!



A HAND REACHES OUT TO WRENCH OFF THE **BATMAN'S** COWL!



WILL THE COWL BE TAKEN OFF?

OF THE **BATMAN** IS REVEALED AS BRUCE WAYNE HIS CAREER AS A NEIGHBOR OF CRIME IS FINISHED!

IS THIS THE END OF THE MIGHTY **BATMAN**?

WITH STARTLING ABRUPTNESS
THE INERT FIGURE SPRINGS OFF
THE FLOOR!!

SORRY BOYS, BUT
I'M NOT QUITE
READY FOR JAIL!

THE POLICE SEE THE MANTLED
FIGURES LEAP THROUGH THE WINDOW
TO APPARENTLY DROP TO THE
GROUND BELOW!

STOP HIM! HE'S GOING TO
TRY A DROP TO THE GROUND!

BUT WHAT THE POLICE DO NOT SEE IS
THE BATMAN'S STRONG HANDS GRASPING
THE EDGE OF THE OVERHANGING ROOF!!
... A SWING OUT ...

... A POWERFUL SHOVE ...
... A TWIST UPWARD ...

... AND THE BATMAN ROLLS UP
OVER THE LIP OF THE ROOF!

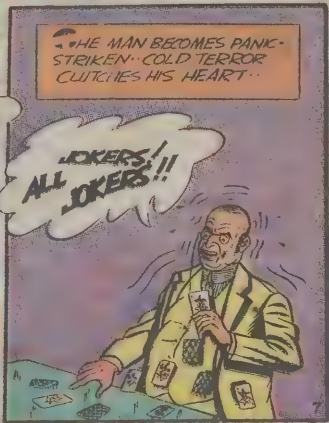
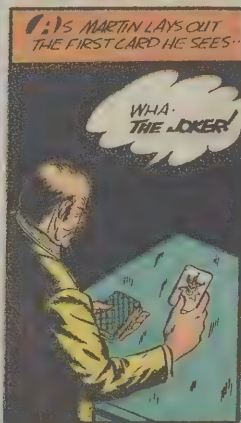
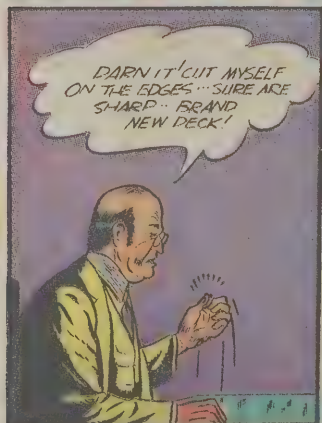
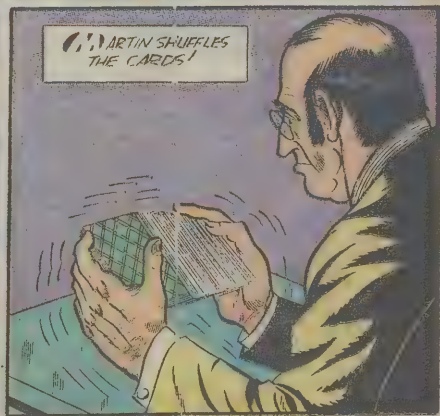
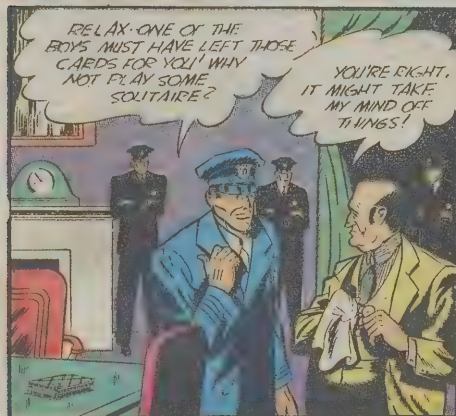
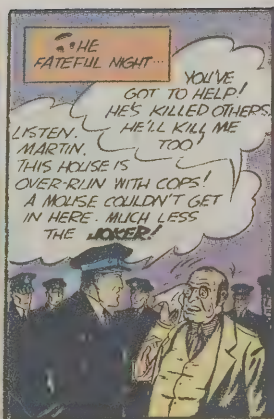
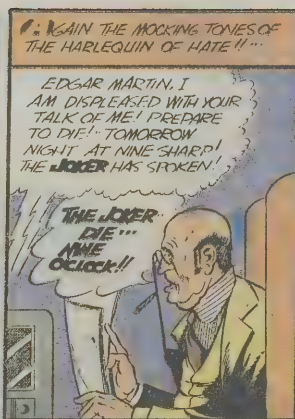
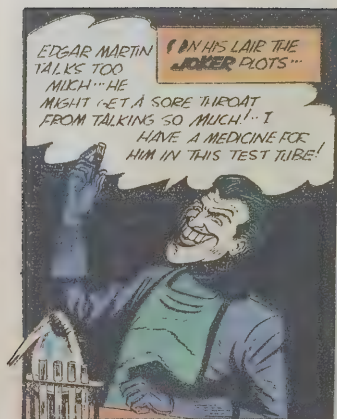
NICE TRICK IF I DO IT--
AND I DID!

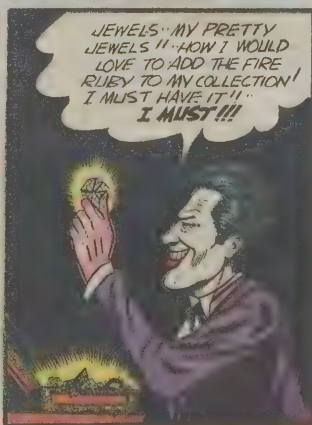
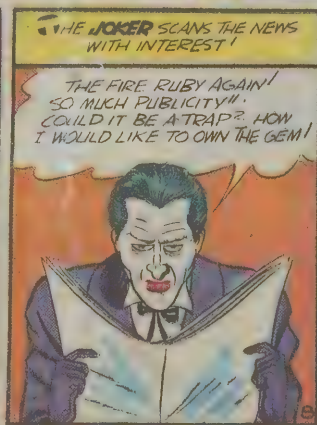
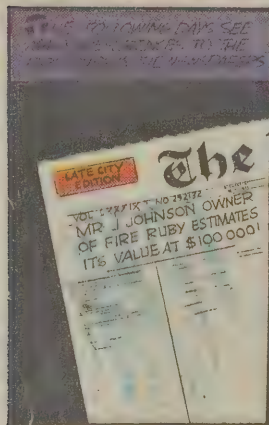
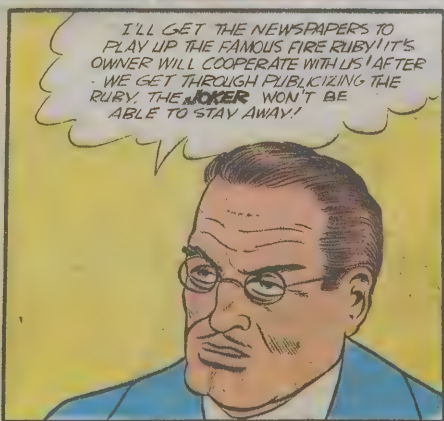
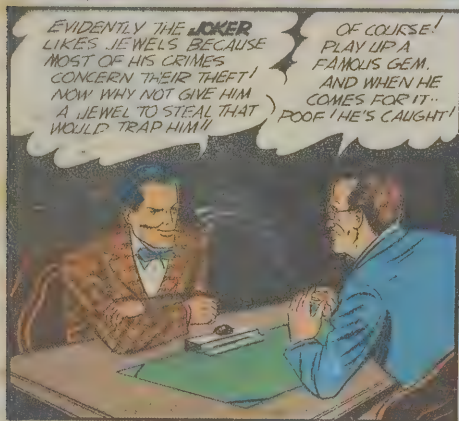
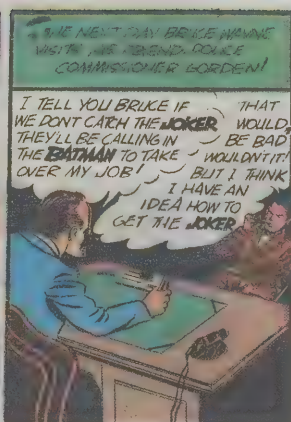
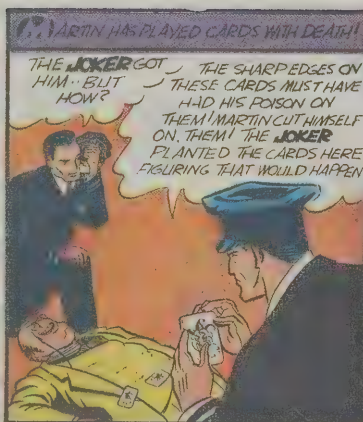
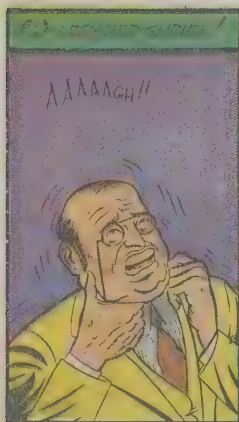
GONE! NOT A SIGN
OF HIM! THE BATMAN!
WATTAMAN!!

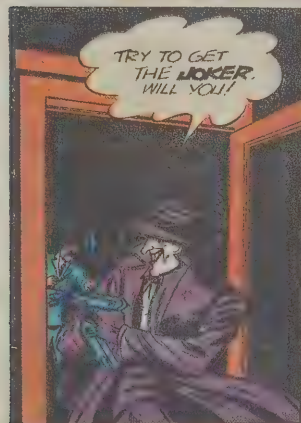
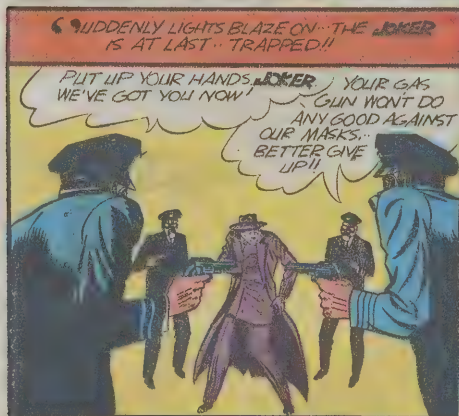
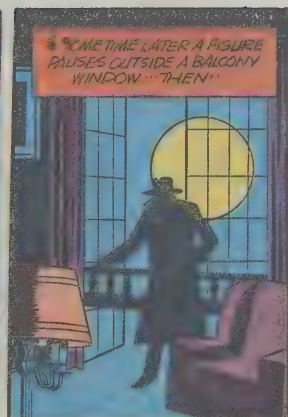
FAILURE OF THE POLICE TO
CAPTURE THE JOKER MOVES A
REFORMER EDGAR MARTIN TO
PUBLIC SPEECHES!

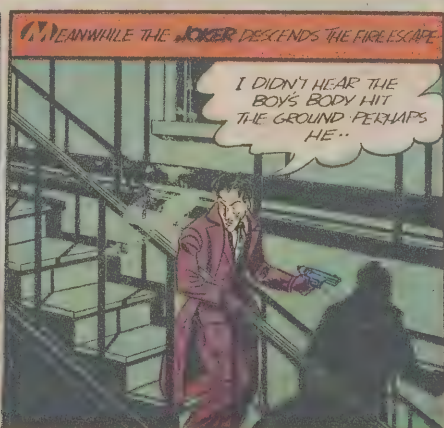
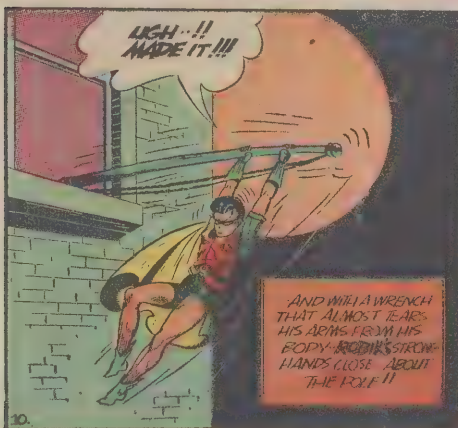
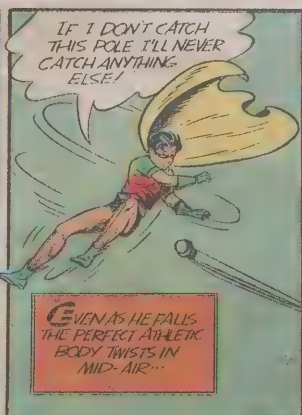
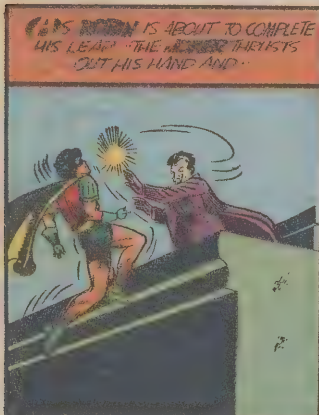
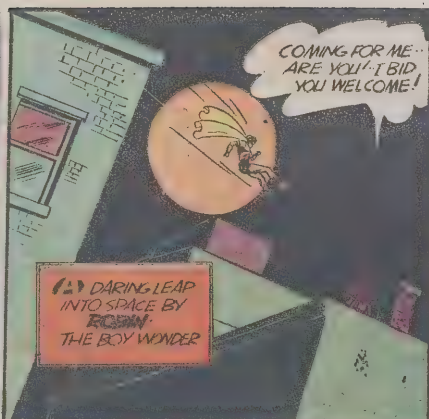
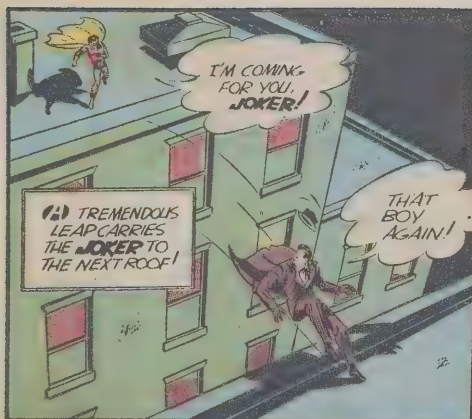
IF THE POLICE CAN'T
DO IT, WE MUST! I TELL
YOU THIS FIENDISH
CRIMINAL MUST BE
CAUGHT!

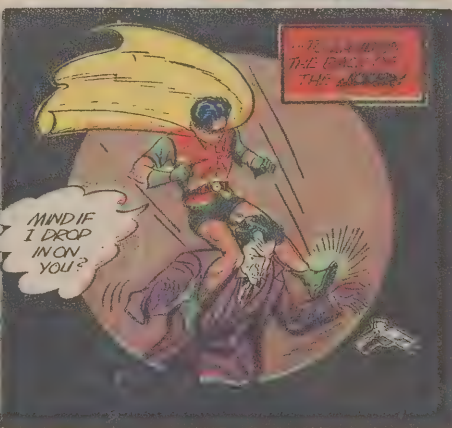
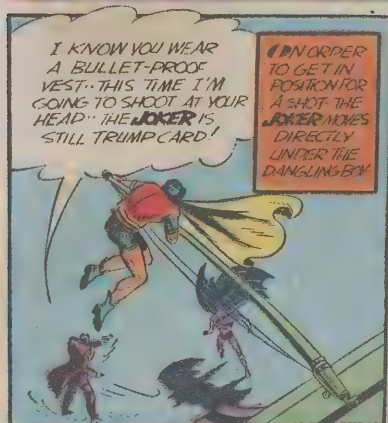
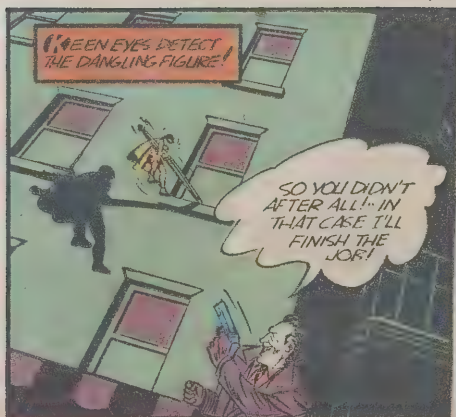
HE'S RIGHT! THE JOKER
SLICE IS MAKING THE
POLICE LOOK SILLY!





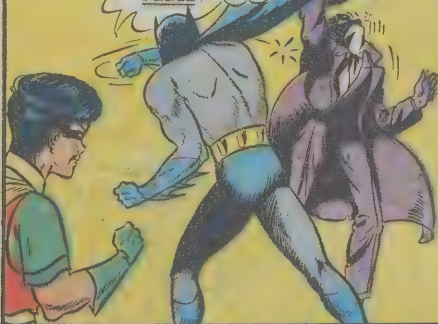






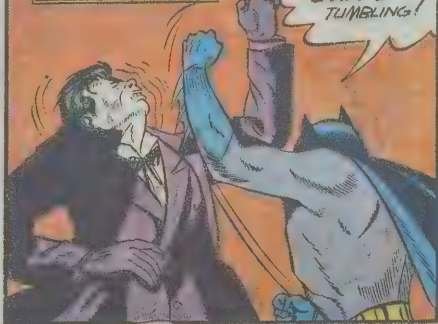
THE BATMAN
LEAPS TO THE
ATTACK!

MR. JOKER WHEN
I GET THROUGH
WITH YOU, YOU'LL
LOOK LIKE THE
DEUCE!



THE JOKER GETS
UP... ANOTHER
BATTERING BLOW!

LOOKS LIKE
YOUR HOUSE OF
CARDS IS
TUMBLING!



NOT SO FAST
WITH THE CUTLERY,
FRIEND!



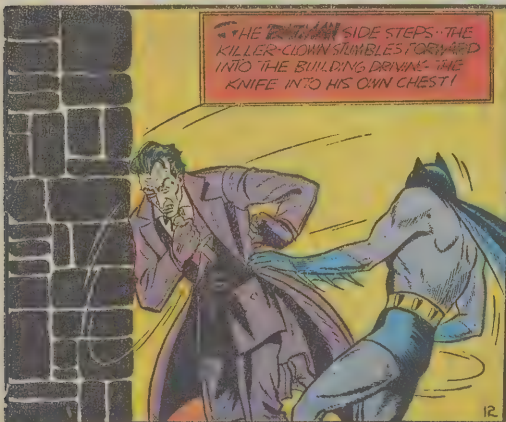
I'LL KILL YOU
YET!

DOWN-DOWN COMES
THE KNIFE... CLOSER
CLOSER...

MIND IF I
TRY TO
STOP YOU?

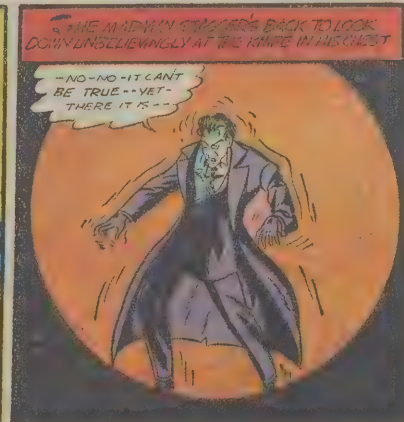


THE BATMAN SIDE STEPS... THE
KILLER-CLOWN STUMBLES FORWARD
INTO THE BUILDING DRIVING THE
KNIFE INTO HIS OWN CHEST!

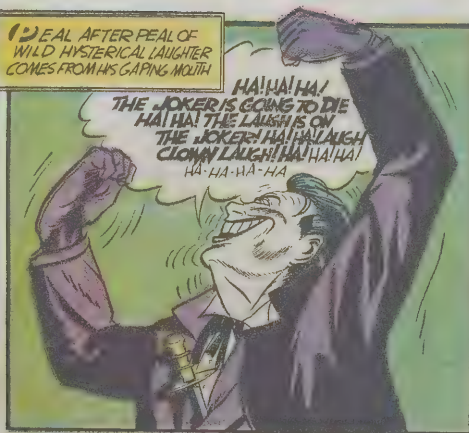


THE MADMAN STAGGERS BACK TO LOOK
DOWN UNBELIEVINGLY AT THE KNIFE IN HIS CHEST

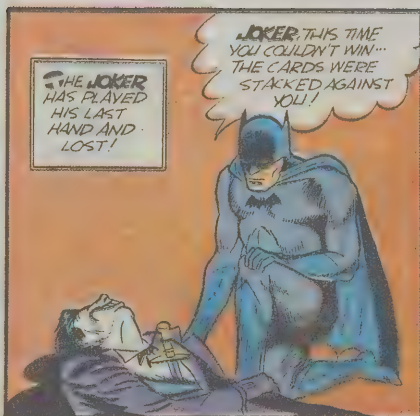
NO-NO-IT CAN'T
BE TRUE--YET--
THERE IT IS--



IDEAL AFTER FEEL OF
WILD HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER
COMES FROM HIS GAPIING MOUTH



HA! HA! HA!
THE JOKER IS GOING TO DIE
HA! HA! THE LAUGH IS ON
THE JOKER! HA! HA! LAUGH
CLONN LAUGH! HA! HA! HA!
HA-HA-HA-HA



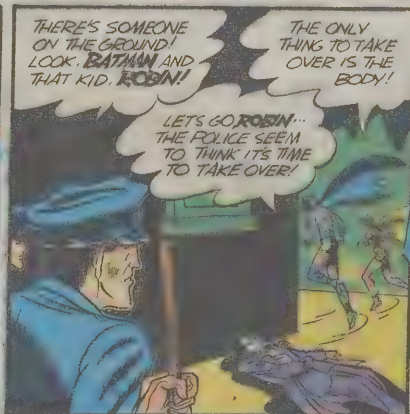
THE JOKER
HAS PLAYED
HIS LAST
HAND AND
LOST!

JOKER, THIS TIME
YOU COULDN'T WIN...
THE CARDS WERE
STACKED AGAINST
YOU!



LOOK.. STILL
GRINNING
IN DEATH!

YES.. AND WHEN THE
FLESH IS GONE.. THE
GRINNING SKULL
WILL STILL CARRY
THE SIGN OF THE
JOKER.. INTO
ETERNITY!



THERE'S SOMEONE
ON THE GROUND!
LOOK, BATMAN AND
THAT KID, ROBIN!

THE ONLY
THING TO TAKE
OVER IS THE
BODY!

LET'S GO, ROBIN...
THE POLICE SEEM
TO THINK IT'S TIME
TO TAKE OVER!



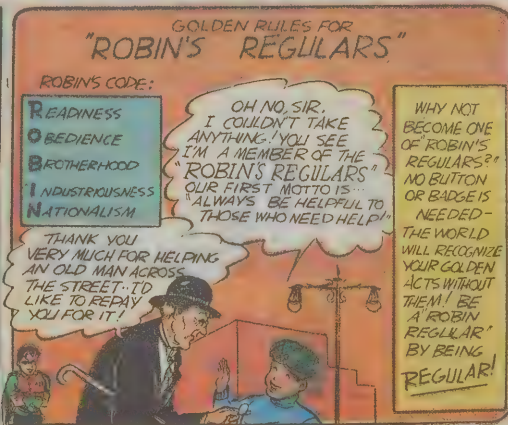
WHY IT'S THE
JOKER.. IT
SEEMS THE
BATMAN HAS
SAVED US A LOT
OF TROUBLE!...
WE'D BETTER CALL
THE AMBULANCE!



PUT IN THE AMBULANCE.. A STARTLING
FACT IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT!!!

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
DOC. YOU LOOK AS IF
YOU HAD SEEN A GHOST!

I MIGHT HAVE..
I JUST EXAMINED
THIS MAN.. HE ISN'T
DEAD! HE'S STILL
ALIVE.. AND HE'S
GOING TO LIVE!



GOLDEN RULES FOR "ROBIN'S REGULARS"

ROBIN'S CODE:

- READINESS
- OBEEDIENCE
- BROTHERHOOD
- INDUSTRIOUSNESS
- NATIONALISM

OH NO, SIR,
I COULDN'T TAKE
ANYTHING.. YOU SEE
I'M A MEMBER OF THE
"ROBIN'S REGULARS"
OUR FIRST MOTTO IS...
"ALWAYS BE HELPFUL TO
THOSE WHO NEED HELP!"

THANK YOU
VERY MUCH FOR HELPING
AN OLD MAN ACROSS
THE STREET.. I'D
LIKE TO REPAY
YOU FOR IT!

WHY NOT
BECOME ONE
OF 'ROBIN'S
REGULARS'??
NO BUTTON
OR BADGE IS
NEEDED--
THE WORLD
WILL RECOGNIZE
YOUR GOLDEN
ACTS WITHOUT
THEM! BE
A 'ROBIN
REGULAR'
BY BEING
REGULAR!

The BATMAN

appears in a complete episode every month in

DETECTIVE COMICS!



NOW ON SALE!

Charlie Barnet Uses Home Recordo!



Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite checking a duet by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, Vocalists in his band.

You, Too,
Can Make
Your Own
Records If
You Sing
or Play an
Instrument



Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's Band making a Home Recordo record for her personal album.

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



Larry Taylor, Vocalist in Charlie Barnet's Band, listening to a play back of a recording he just made with Home Recordo.

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friend's voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and play-back unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$.75 per dozen.

From Wm. C., California:

I have made several records and they have turned out swell.

A. R. G., writes:

I received my Home Recordo and am having lots of enjoyment with it.

It sure is nice when you can make a record and afterwards listen to yourself play.

Miss Lillian C. of New York says:

Your recording outfit was received all O.K. and proved to be all you claim it to be.

OPERATES ON ANY A. C. OR D. C.

ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPHS

RECORD PLAYERS

RADIO-PHONO COMBINATIONS

Old or New Type PHONOGRAPHS and PORTABLES

IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



Charlie Barnet with his arranger, Bill May, often check new arrangements on Home Recordo.

SEND NO MONEY! HURRY COUPON!
START RECORDING AT ONCE!

COMPLETE OUTFIT \$2.98
INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED
BLANK RECORDS ONLY

HOME RECORDING CO.

STUDIO B.M.

11 WEST 17th ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOME RECORDING CO.,
STUDIO B. M., 11 WEST 17 ST.,
New York, N. Y.

Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 two-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage, on arrival. (Send cash or money order now for \$3.00 and save postage.)

Send Doz. additional blank records at \$.75 per dozen.

Name

Address

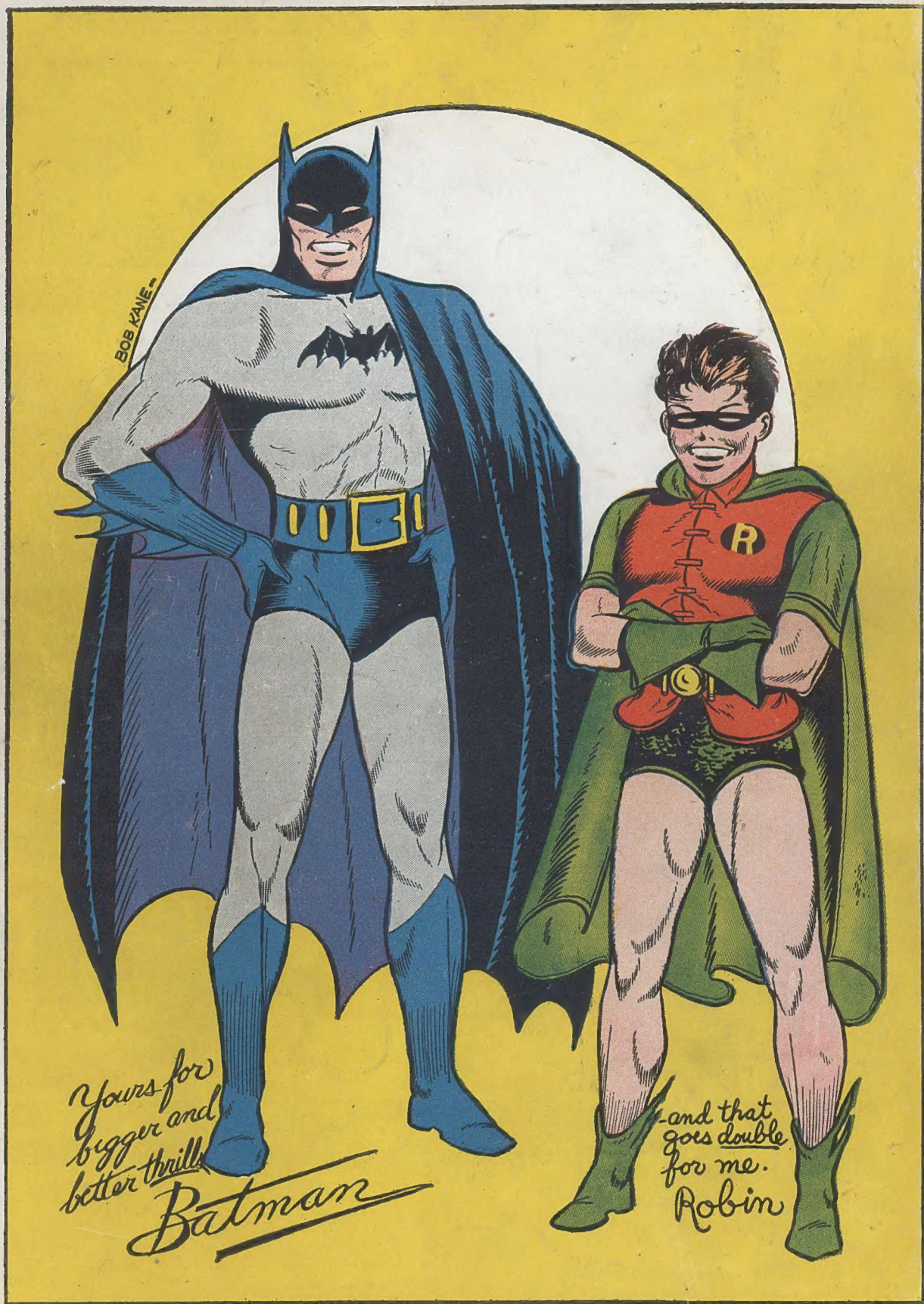
City and State

Note: Canadian and Foreign \$3.50 cash with order.

BOB KANE



CUT OUT AND FRAME



CUT OUT AND FRAME

AMERICAN SCAN SOCIETY

